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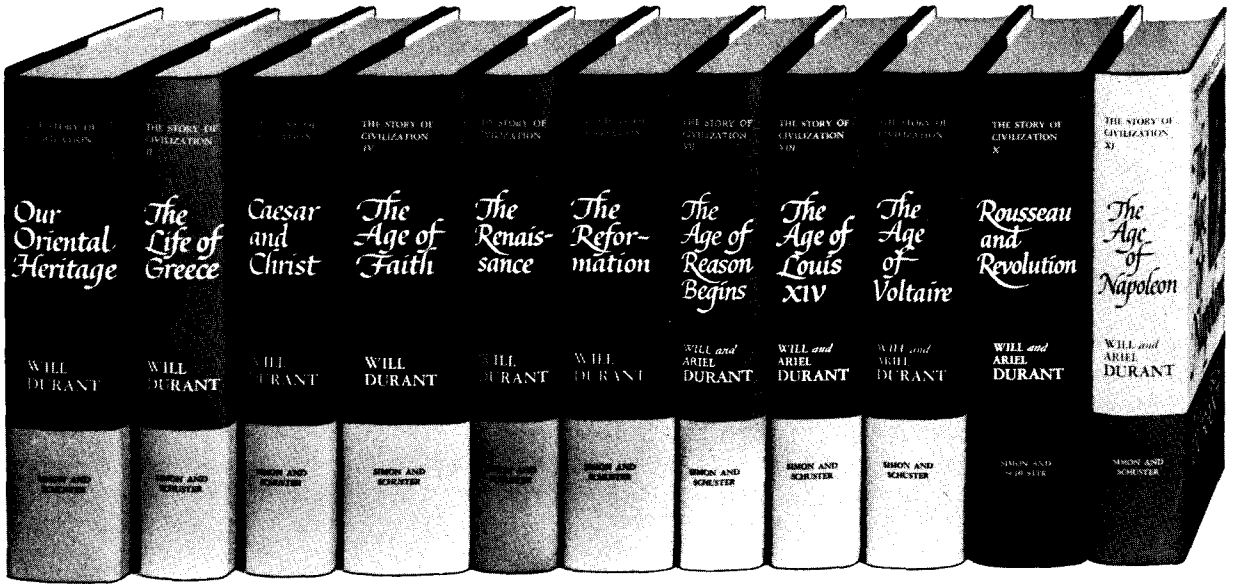

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

First Amendment Fireworks

It does not trouble me much to be called "a fool or a publicity hound" by Carll Tucker, or even to be accused of contemplating "a crime against humanity," though I find it interesting that in the hundreds of thousands of words written in recent months about the *Progressive*'s First Amendment case, Tucker has been the only writer to stoop to personal invective.

My purpose in writing, however, is to correct some of the blatant misstatements of fact in Tucker's column, appropriately headed "Shame on Us" [The Back Door, June 23].

Tucker asserts that Howard Morland compiled his suppressed article "from purportedly unclassified sources," thus slyly suggesting that Morland actually relied on classified information. Even the government has acknowledged that Morland had no access to classified documents. Furthermore, the government has stipulated that a declassified document available for years on a public-library shelf contains all of the "secrets" alleged to be in Morland's article, and more.

Tucker asserts that I sent Morland's article to the Department of Energy "and asked for permission to publish it." I did no such thing. Only an editor who shares Tucker's manifest contempt for the First Amendment would.

Tucker asserts that Morland's article is "about how to make an H-bomb." It is not. We might have explained this to him, and cleared up many of his other misapprehensions, if he had bothered to ask us. Instead, he chose to base his judgment on outright lies and to transmit those lies to the readers of *Saturday Review*.

Amicus curiae briefs in support of the *Progressive* have been filed by such diverse publications and organizations as the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Scientific American*, the *Boston Globe*, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Association of American Publishers, the National Association of Broadcasters, the Association of American University Presses, the PEN American Center, the Authors League of America, the *Nation*, *Playboy*, the *New York Review of Books*, the *New Republic*, the American Booksellers Association, and many others.

If Carll Tucker will take the trouble to read these briefs, he will better understand the *Progressive*'s case and the First Amendment. Perhaps he will want to denounce the sponsors of these briefs, too, for planning to commit "a crime against humanity." Or perhaps he will wonder why *Saturday Review*'s name is missing from such an impressive roster of friends of the First Amendment.

Erwin Knoll
Editor
The Progressive

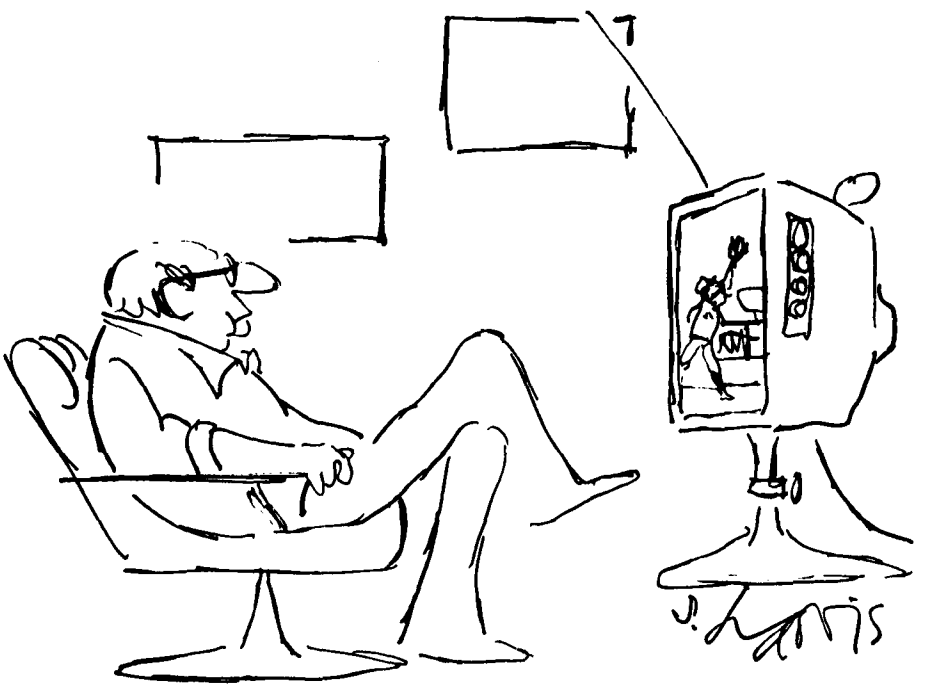
Carll Tucker replies: My fundamental disagreement with Mr. Knoll concerns whether or not it is a good idea to publish a diagram captioned "How the H-bomb works." He thinks it is; I don't. Knowing how serious an editor he is, I regret suggesting that he may be a "publicity hound." I still believe that publishing such a piece would be bad for mankind.

Re: Knoll's specific accusations. I wrote "purportedly unclassified" because I was not sure if the sources were classified or not. I meant to be strictly accurate, not slyly suggestive.

Did Knoll ask the Department of Energy for "permission" to publish the article? The point is fine. Knoll, by his own account in the May issue of the *Progressive*, sent parts of the article to the DOE to determine if it regarded them as "sensitive." A determination by DOE that they were not "sensitive" would have been tantamount to permission to publish the article. I should have written that "Knoll sent parts of the article to the DOE for an opinion as to whether he could publish the article with impunity."

I did write in my editorial that the piece was "about how to make an H-bomb." I also wrote that Morland's piece was about "how an H-bomb works." The caption to the disputed diagram was "how a hydrogen bomb works." Doesn't knowing how a thing works give one the knowledge to make the thing?

These distinctions, though, miss my point, which was that I find it distasteful having to go to bat for the *Progressive*'s right to publish a piece that I consider



"A ground ball to deep short, handled beautifully by Harrelson—he should be able to renegotiate his contract on that—the throw to first is high, Kranepool pulls it down—putting him in a real strong bargaining position as a free agent. Garvey, now 0 for 3, is weakening his post-season options considerably..."

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wrong to publish. I love the First Amendment—I live in its protection—and I fear that the *Progressive*'s unnecessary tussle with the courts will result in curtailment, rather than enlargement, of our First Amendment freedoms.

The Secretary: An Endangered Species?

While I certainly believe that there will be an "Inhuman Office of the Future" [*Computer Shock*, June 23], having been told as much by a typewriter salesman trying to explain why his product is now designed for word processors rather than secretaries, I deplore the thought.

Will the microprocessor sort out, intelligently and intuitively, 75 telephone calls a day? Will it read and clip scores of publications? Will it make sensitive decisions about confidential matters? Will it pick up a last-minute Valentine's Day gift? Will it remind the executive of countless employee and other birthdays and anniversaries that should be remembered? Will it lend a sympathetic ear at the press of a button?

A fascinating sidebar to Stewart's piece would have been how many top secretaries at Xerox are working at this very moment on reports and memos that will hasten their own extinction.

Frederica Miller
Administrative Aide to Otis Chandler
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, California

My congratulations to Jon Stewart for his excellent article "The Inhuman Office of the Future." It is refreshing to read a discussion of new technology that deals with it in a responsible manner, rather than making far-out claims for its potential to solve world problems, or, even worse, resorting to scare tactics.

Dr. Margrethe Olson
Computer Applications and Information Systems Department
New York University
New York, New York

The Paradox of Juvenile Justice

I commend you for Michael Serrill's excellent article "The Search for Juvenile Justice" [June 23]. From 20 years' experience in dealing with delinquents, "status offender" dependents, and other emotionally disturbed young people who deviate from accepted legal and social norms, I can attest to Serrill's factual presentation of the paradox and dilemma of our attempts to achieve juvenile justice simultaneously with decreased juvenile crime. The two objectives must be addressed concurrently, but at times we overemphasize one or the other.

George Perkins
Louisville, Kentucky

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 137

AUS TRIX AX YTS KAPIL GRUUAY QULSPOYRUL YTS DISROQPSO AX YTS AYTSP.

BRUS RQOYSU

Wit Twister No. 149

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Through weight of words,___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ speech-makers may
Persuade us that their arguments are true,
Till we___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ by chance another day
The greater merits of the___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ view.

Contributed by J. Davis
Columbia, South Carolina

Answers next issue

AUGUST ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 136

When a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.

Samuel Johnson

Wit Twister No. 148

bade, bead, abed

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 177

(LEONARD) FEINBERG: THE SECRET OF HUMOR

Some scholars have suspected for a long time that there is aggression in all humor. But ... aggression provides humor only when it is playful. If the humorist fails to create the mood of playfulness, or the illusion of playfulness, he will not be amusing.

From *Maledicta Yearbook, 1978*

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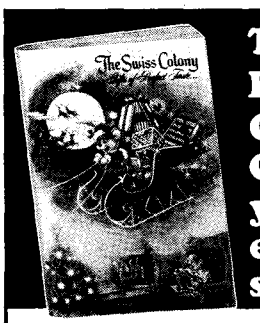

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The Media Is the Messenger

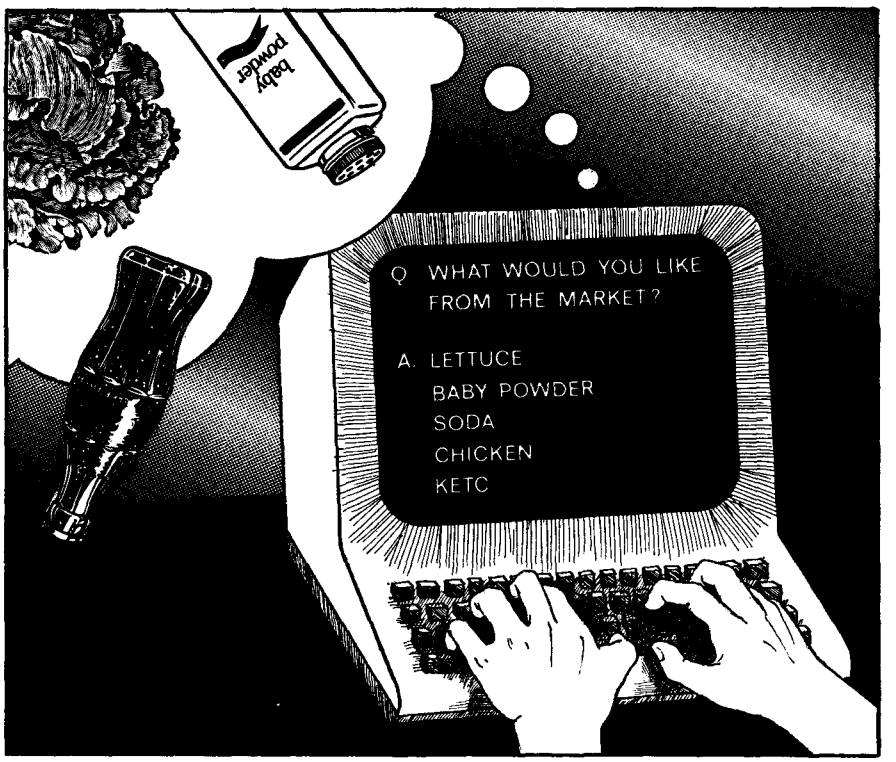
The old science-fiction model for the Homo sapiens of the future—a swollen skull without benefit of vestigial arms and legs—just won't do. In fact, he'll need fingers. Otherwise, how could he press the buttons on his GTE Viewdata, the home viewing screen he'll use to pay bills, buy plane tickets, vote, and so forth?

Sounds futurific, huh? Well, over 1,000 Viewdata screens already exist in England, and General Telephone & Electronics Corp. has obtained exclusive rights to market an American version. Hooked into those favorite home appliances, the TV and the telephone, Viewdata puts you at the center of your own electronic world. You ask the questions and dictate the answers. Should you want to know stock prices, simply press a button on your keyboard and the entire exchange winks in a green procession across your screen. But you needn't be passive; that's old TV. Given a few more wrinkles in the computer network, you can pay your bills from your easy chair. You could buy Johnny a bike, if you could convince him to get out of the living room.

"This will bring about a sociological business change," boasts John Bately, president of Insac Inc., the British firm that is developing Viewdata for the American market. "The motorcar started shopping centers; how about an electronic device stopping shopping centers?"

Most of us, alas, will still be using our obsolete cars for some years to come, since the chip that unscrambles phone line data into screen images is running around $400 at the moment. The good news is that the boys over at Texas Instruments are working on the problem, and expect to have the price of the chip down to $100 or so within a year.

Of course, consumers atavistically tied to grocery stores and voting booths and the like might put up some resistance. But at least in this country, the fondness for labor-saving gadgets, as well as the rather nonchalant attitude toward the virtues of community, argues otherwise. As Bately points out, "When the washing machine was invented, some people thought that women would rather go out to the stream and bang their clothes on a rock."



DORIS ETTLINGER

Their Mine's in the Gutter

As if federal regulatory agencies hadn't fallen into low enough esteem already, the Mining Safety and Health Administration has been caught peddling locker-room humor as test material. A furious Senator Malcolm Wallop (R-Wyo.) denounced MSHA's "Situation Adaptability Evaluation for Management Personnel" as "absurd," "insulting," and "disgusting." The test, given to mine safety instructors, was so unappetizing that Senator Wallop was too embarrassed to read it before the Senate.

In fact, we can't repeat much of it here. But one of the eight multiple-choice questions asks the miner what he would do if he discovered, on the way to a big meeting, that his zipper was broken and that he had forgotten to put on underwear. Other situations, purportedly based on "actual case studies," involved a customer's daughter, a customer's wife, nose picking, breaking wind, vomiting, and other social niceties which the average mine safety instructor is likely to encounter. Senator Wallop got so worked up over this juvenilia that he declaimed "it is time that we take a serious look at [the test material] and wonder if we have a free country."

As it turned out, the test had been intended as a feeble joke, and MSHA hastened to assure Senator Wallop that its existence in no way endangered the nation's freedom. In a June 7 letter Robert Lagather, assistant secretary for mine safety and health, explained to the outraged legislator that the test had been given only in the Albany, Oregon, training center, and that it had been composed by a mine company official and administered by an MSHA trainer as a "tension reliever." Lagather added that he, too, was "shocked and disturbed" by the test. The trainer, he wrote, had been suspended for 30 days.

The senator was apparently mollified by the explanation. According to a spokesman, however, he still felt that the incident demonstrated that "the government is becoming too much of a joke."

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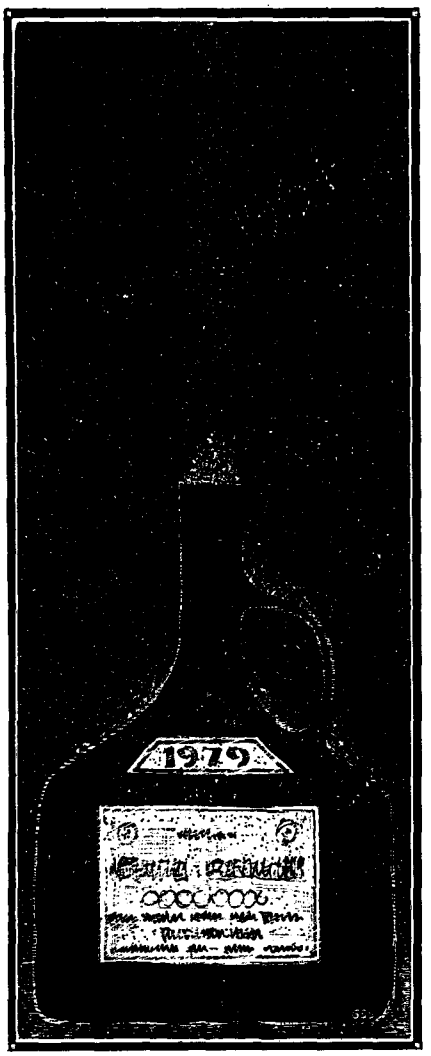
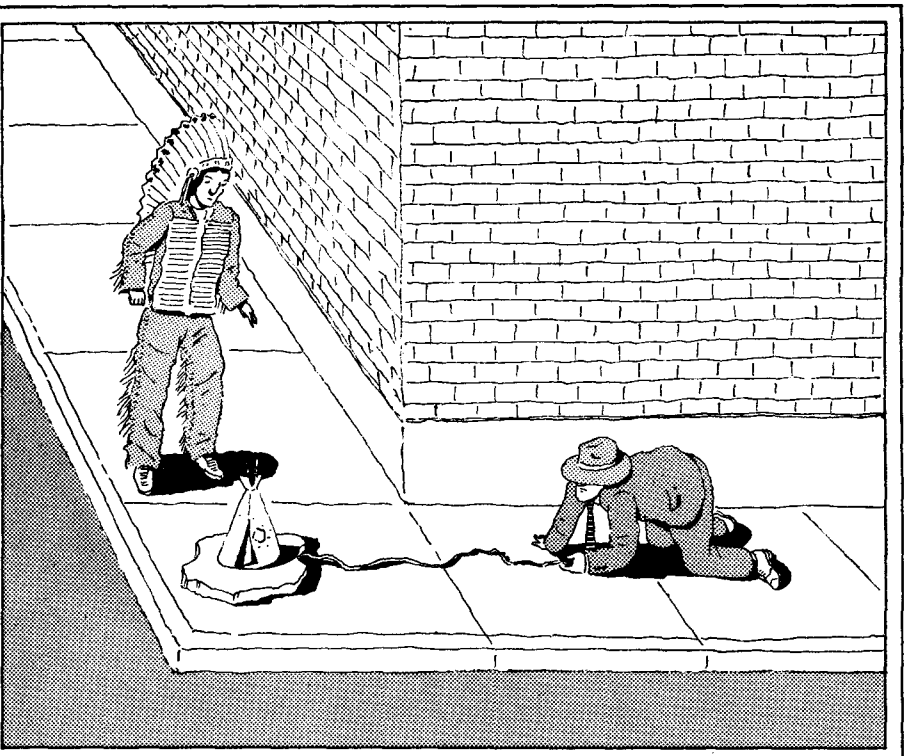
New Wine in Old Bottles

A pall of reverence descends on the living room as you cradle a bottle of wine besprinkled with the dust of generations. Your guests work a cool swallow across their tongues, sigh deeply, and whisper the venerable glories of the vintage. As you smile graciously, you're careful to sidle your hand over the label. And Gordon Bennett & Associates, Inc., manufacturer of phony wine bottle dust, chalks up another victory for *haut snobisme*.

This contender for the title of Pet Rock of 1979 comes in a modest white shaker and allegedly consists of 42 "mysterious" ingredients. Among them are "bat guano," "ceiling siftings," "goblin droppings," and "belly-button lint tweezered out of the statue of Venus de Milo." Availability is limited to the West Coast and Texas (at the low, low price of $4.95, including instructions), but the manufacturer is looking forward to nationwide distribution.





STEVEN GUARNACCI

No Cause for Thanksgiving

After 56 years of litigation, the Sioux nation has finally extracted $105 million from the U.S. government in compensation for a large piece of South Dakota illegally confiscated in 1877. But don't fill in your scorecards yet. As of this writing, both sides were considering appeal, a number of the tribes had already rejected the settlement out of hand, and the two sides disagreed on what the compensation was to cover.

The settlement, the largest ever awarded to native Americans, was handed down by the U.S. Court of Claims. At issue was a 50-million-acre tract of land in the Black Hills, deeded to the Sioux by the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1860, but taken by the feds soon thereafter. Since that time, mining companies have removed a handsome $1.5 billion worth of gold from the Black Hills, as well as vast sums in timber, uranium, and other resources. Land in the area is now selling for a cool $4,500 per acre. The compensation awarded the Sioux, on the other hand, amounts to 37 cents per acre, plus 5 percent interest compounded over 102 years.

Some Indians, understandably, are less than overjoyed by the arrangement. American Indian Movement president Russell Means repudiates the decision, asserting that the land "is the spiritual shrine of the Indian people" and not for sale at any price. In fact, some native American sources now deny that the land was bargained away at all. Edward Diving Hawk, president of the tribal council of the Rosebud Sioux, one of the nine reservations involved, claims that the $105 million covers damages only and that the issue of the land remains unresolved. If this view gains general acceptance, the haggling will continue as before.

Even should the whole ugly knot finally be untangled, the money will not simply be handed over to the aggrieved parties. The Sioux have to draw up a detailed plan for allocating the funds and submit it to the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), who sends it in turn to Congress, which ultimately doles out the cash. This system, which makes the award seem like a welfare payment, comprises yet another sticky point. The whole thing might be resolved, says Means, "if the BIA keeps its grubby fingers out of our self-determination."

Submissions

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EDITORIAL

In Praise of Famous Men

IT WOULD BE difficult to think of two men who had less in common than Albert Einstein and John Wayne. Yet the memories of both men are being invoked in a way that they themselves would have found obnoxious and even unscrupulous.

The familiar figure of Einstein—large, shaggy head of gray hair above a wrinkled, kindly face, the characteristic old sweater and pipe—stands to one side of the screen during a television commercial and tells people how wise they would be to buy Toyota automobiles. Since Einstein in the popular mind is regarded as the brainiest man of the 20th century, the thrust of the advertisement is that intelligence and Toyotas go together. While the advertiser does not mention Einstein by name, his likeness and his accent are unmistakable. While alive, Einstein never authorized the use of his name for the endorsement of a commercial product. The attempt, therefore, to take advantage of his death by exploiting his reputation in a commercial is as blatant as it is despicable.

What kind of fools do the Toyota executives take the American people to be? Far from feeling that the advertisement is ingenious and persuasive, Americans are apt to be deeply offended by the bad taste and arrogance of a company that seeks to exploit the memory of one of the most respected figures in history.

Some may argue that the absence of Einstein's name and the whimsical nature of the advertisement keep it from being offensive. Such a rationale, however, actually underlines the spuriousness of the entire enterprise.

It is especially unfortunate that a foreign manufacturer should be associated with this particular television commercial, creating the clear impression of callousness toward the sensitivities of a people who have provided hospitality for the marketing of its product—the kind of hospitality, incidentally, that finds no reciprocal condition for American manufacturers in Japan.

The episode involving John Wayne, if anything, is even more outrageous. Shortly after the Western-movie hero died of cancer, we turned on the car radio and heard him extolled by a commentator whose name we didn't catch and whose voice we couldn't identify. After a long recital of all of Wayne's achievements as a film star, the commentator said that Wayne represented the essence of Americanism: He shot first and asked questions afterward.

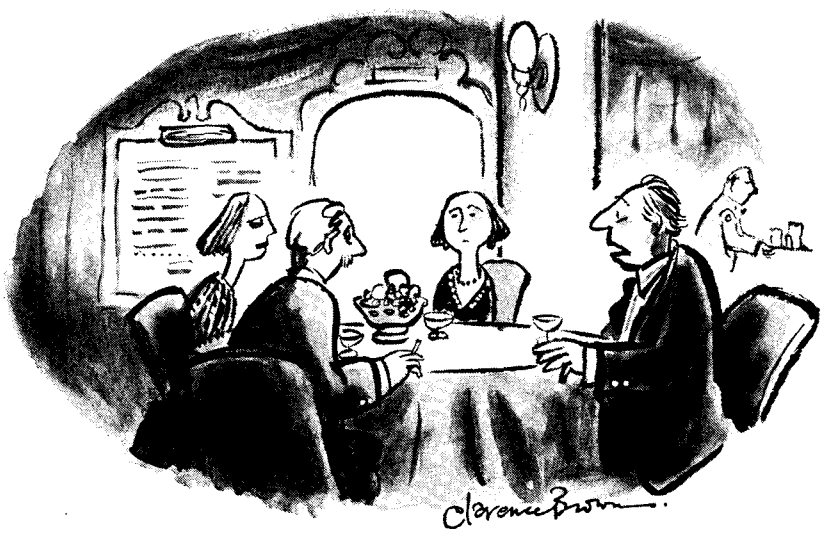
Such a definition of Americanism would come as a stark surprise to the men who were most directly involved in the making of the national undertaking that carries the name of the United States. For the one word that best expresses their purpose and their aspirations in founding this country was *law.* The U.S. Constitution is nothing if it is not a monument to law. It holds that anyone who takes the law into his own hands is to be treated as a criminal. It is based on the assumption that even the best men become dangerous when they substitute force for law. Gunslingers who shoot first and ask questions later are precisely what the founding fathers wanted to protect the American people against. They might have been entertained by the derring-do and the laconic intrepidity of what is supposed to be the John Wayne type, but they most certainly would have been appalled by the notion that American heros are made of the stuff of casual violence.

Are we attaching too much importance to a single obituary? There is something deeply disquieting about the generality of the tributes paid to Wayne. Whether or not they brought out the best in the man, they certainly did not bring out the best in America. They brought out a strain that is untroubled by random brutality. It is a strain of weakness, not of strength; for it leads to self-destructiveness just as surely as it leads to a cheapening of life itself. It mistakes callousness for courage, frenzy for fortitude. It makes it possible for us to observe men being riddled by hot lead or battered into senselessness without our recognition that it is our own sensitivities that are being diminished. It causes us to caricature and falsify our values as a nation. Finally, it puts us in the position of saying things about ourselves that are far more damaging than anything our ideological detractors in the world would dream of saying.

We met John Wayne only once—about eight years ago. It was at dinner in Los Angeles. He said he hoped Hollywood would stop making a stereotype out of him. Just once, he said, he wanted a chance to do something other than play the part of a hard-nosed straight shooter. He didn't want to be tethered to a cliché. His yen for independence was manifested last year when he confounded his conservative cheering section by supporting the Panama Canal Treaty.

The dominant public image of John Wayne as a hero gunman was perhaps best portrayed in one of his recent films, in which he is asked by a young boy how many men he has killed. Wayne hesitates in the movie as he tries to come up with an approximate number. He guesses the figure to be somewhat in excess of 50. The boy, awestruck and worshipful, now knows he is in the presence of a great man. If this is our notion of a national hero, we should not be shocked that mindless violence should be such a familiar feature in our daily lives.

—N.C.



"We've decided not to have grandchildren."

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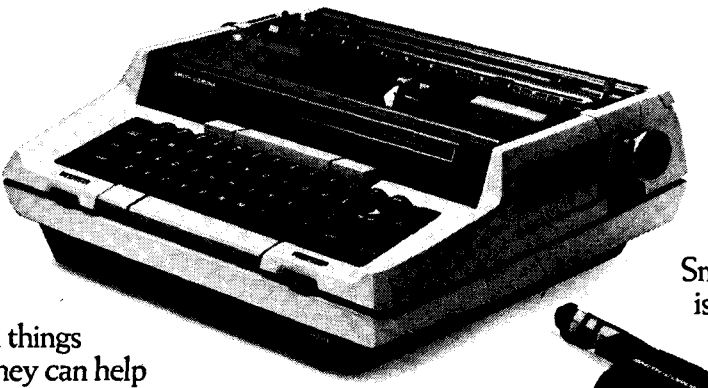
Do you make these 10 common typewriter mistakes?



Patented Correction Cartridge

Most people make their fair share of typing mistakes. But the biggest mistake you can make is buying the wrong typewriter in the first place. There are ten things you should check out. They can help you avoid making these ten typewriter mistakes.

Check out the correction system. There are several typewriter correction systems, but they don't all work equally well.

This Smith-Corona® electric portable has a unique cartridge ribbon and correction system that lets you change ribbons in seconds without touching the ribbon. It also lets you correct typing errors quickly, neatly and easily.

Test the feel. Are the slope and height of the keyboard comfortable? The size and shape of the keys?

While you're about it, compare the feel of a Smith-Corona electric typewriter against others—we welcome head-on comparison.

Try the touch. A responsive touch makes for easier typing. You want a touch that is prompt, easy and dependable. For instance, note how smoothly the Smith-Corona performs functions such as carriage return and back-space.

Listen to the sound. Believe it or not, a typewriter has a sound of its own. If it sounds tinny, beware. It may indicate that the typewriter's construction is too light.

Note the look of the type. Lines and individual letters should be straight. The impression should be crisp, clean and even. The print quality should not vary over the page.

Consider the overall design. You want a typewriter that looks contemporary but not eccentric. Smith-Corona, for instance, is an example of classic good design you'll live happily with for years.

Look at the carrying case. Does it have double walls for air-cushioned protection? Sturdy latches and hinges? The case for this typewriter does.

Compare prices. A typewriter that sells for a lot less than others might be a lot less typewriter. Where price difference is minimal, you probably should go for the one that tests best.

Ask who makes it. Smith-Corona makes every typewriter that bears its name—which is not true of most other brands.

So consider the maker's reputation. A company with a solid reputation will still be around tomorrow and in the future to give your typewriter necessary service and maintenance.

Try the Smith-Corona carbon film ribbon. We offer a re-usable nylon fabric ribbon, good for ordinary typing jobs. This is the only kind most portables offer. But we also offer carbon film ribbon in five colors. It's the same kind of ribbon that the most expensive office typewriters use, and it's perfect for jobs requiring a crisp professional look such as term papers or a resume.

Once you've made these ten typewriter tests, we think you'll know why more people prefer Smith-Corona electric portable typewriters than all other brands combined.

SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

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TOP OF MY HEAD

A Lesson Unlearned

AMERICAN SCIENTISTS are world famous for performing miracles that will improve our lifestyles and provide creature comforts. After each miracle has been created, our scientists set out to improve it, and then to improve the improvement, and so on, to eternity. But to this part-time amateur scientist, who witnessed in dismay the performance of one of their innovations, it seems eternity could be just around the corner.

I refer, of course, to that huge, sophisticated thingamigig that, when turned on, created enough energy to heat and light an area the size of the environs of... well, to pull a name out of a hat... Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania. What chagrined me most, left me with a gut feeling of anger, was the "accident," which occurred when a valve got stuck in the plumbing or whatever, causing radioactive water to spill over. The reactor heated up, radioactive gases were released, and the contaminated water was pumped out into the Susquehanna River. Nobody knew how to cool the damn thing off—not the scientists, nor the physicists, nor the atomologists, nor a Roto-Rooter man who happened by.

As a neophyte scientist who knows enough to be able to turn on an air conditioner in the summer and to turn it off in the winter, I was chagrined as I watched my fellow scientists standing helplessly around waiting for the thing to cool down. It did—fortunately enough—because if there had been a melt down, the radiation emitted might have spread through the air from Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania, to Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., where fiery Jane Fonda and her gang of 65,000 were emitting.

If I seem to be treating rather lightheartedly the subject of containing the effects of nuclear radiation, it's because I'm whistling in the dark. None of our scientists has ever told us how much radiation is good for us. That's a lesson scientists could have—should have—learned many years ago.

In 1946, the United States decided to test an atom bomb under water. That was a year after the military had done such a bang-up job on two beautiful cities in Japan. The site for the underwater test was to be in the waters off the coast of the Bikini atoll in the Marshall Islands in the Pacific South Seas. The Bikini islanders were evacuated and moved to the Rongerik atoll, but that was a mistake since the fish in the lagoon there were irradiated. So they were moved again to Kili Island. The bomb test was successful. Twenty-two years later, in 1968, the *New York Times* reported that our scientists had informed President Lyndon Johnson that the Bikinians could safely return to their beautiful island.

To guarantee their safety, the Bikinians sent a committee of nine to investigate. They were cordially greeted by our government man, who saw by their attitude that this was going to be a tough sell. One can imagine the ensuing dialogue:

"Welcome home," says our government man. "We promised we'd bring you back, and we kept our promise. Looks great, doesn't it?"

"The island has changed," says a Bikinian, "and I'm not sure that all the radiation is gone."

"That was 20 years ago. There can't be any radiation left," says our man.

"But we have found poisoned fish as far away as the lagoon at Rongerik."

"Well," says our man, "there's always a little radiation everywhere."

"Yes," replied another Bikinian, "but you see, some of our women are a little pregnant."

"There you go raising issues. Wait until I tell you about the great rehabilitation plan our government has for the atoll. You see that big concrete blockhouse over there? That comes down. So does that huge communications tower near the jungle. The beach here will be the site of the new Hilton Bikini Hotel. And we're building a Disneyland. And a magnificent 7-Up bottling plant. Sorry, but we're holding back Pepsi-Cola and Coke until we can clinch deals with Russia and China. We're going to make this an island paradise for the tourist trade, and in no time at all, you'll be getting social security, welfare, and unemployment insurance. An atom bomb that can give you all this can't be all that bad."

But it is still all that bad. Even now, 33 years after they tested the underwater bomb, scientists don't know the whole story about the nature and effects of radiation. The lesson remains unlearned. I learned it years ago, when I went for a physical checkup. The doctor stood me in front of a cold X-ray plate on the wall, pressed my chest against it, told me to take a deep breath and hold it, and then, after snatching my watch off my wrist, he beat a hasty retreat to a cubicle with a heavy lead door, which he closed tightly behind him before turning on the machine. It was then that I first suspected radiation is not good for you, even roentgen rays.

However, I leave you on a ray of hope. Despite all these many years of posing annually in the nude for all those X-ray photographs, I can report that I feel fine. So does my wrist watch.

—Goodman Ace

"Just ignore him. He's only doing it to get your attention."

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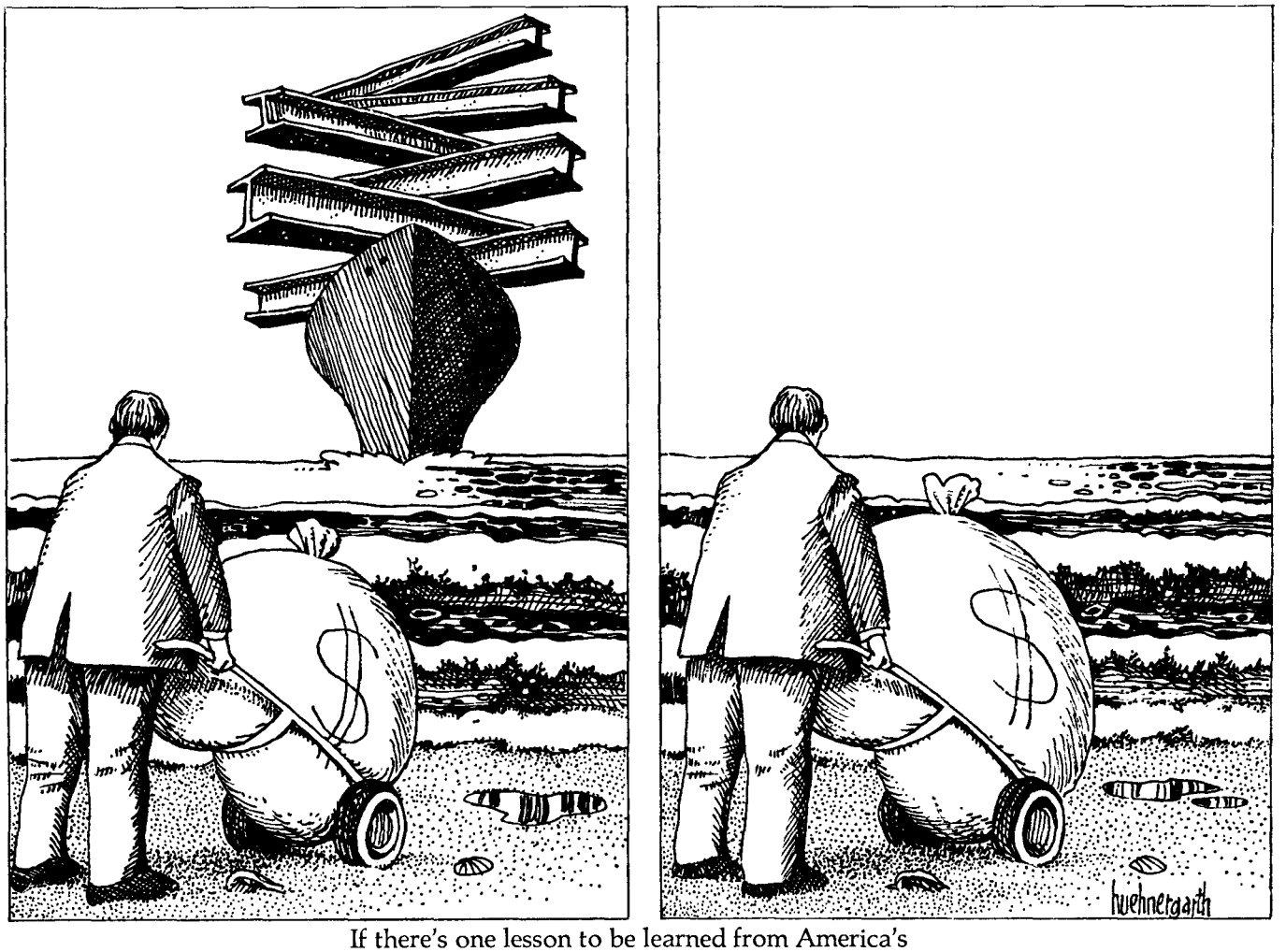
Who's going to meet the growing need for steel in this country– and at what price?



If there's one lesson to be learned from America's oil crises, it's this: You can't always depend on foreign sources to supply how much of what you want, when you want it, and at a price you can afford to pay.

Unless we soon start expanding our domestic steelmaking capacity, 25 to 30 million tons of steel imports could be entering the U.S. market annually by 1985. (Compared to 12 million tons in 1975.) And then America could find itself at the mercy of foreign steel producers, as it is at the mercy of foreign oil producers.

What's needed to meet the growing need for steel in this country with *domestic* steel? Governmental policies that will allow the American steel industry to generate the additional funds needed to modernize and expand.

Bethlehem

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016

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TROUBLED OLYMPICS

The Olympics, like many another symbol of global unity, have been increasingly hard put to remain less fractious and warlike than the world it represents. Once the Olympic torch presided over a friendly gathering of nations trying their hands at ancient games. Now the Olympics are beset by national egotism, political strife, and commercialism. In the following special section *Saturday Review* chronicles this state of affairs with articles on the politicization of the upcoming Moscow summer games, as well as the Russians' manipulation of the capitalist TV networks; the environmental and urban mess shaping up right on schedule in Lake Placid; and a brief history of the games' almost innumerable low points, from 1936 to the present.

Moscow '80
Playing for Political Points

by Roger M. Williams

Moscow

THE WEATHER WAS HOT for June, and the tour buses disgorged shirt-sleeved crowds into the vastness of Red Square. Behind the Kremlin walls, half of the magnificent old buildings were closed for repairs; frayed facades bristled with new brickwork, and fresh coats of gold leaf glistened on the onion domes. Moscow is getting a face lift, and its pace is quickening—a pleasant change in what surely ranks as the quietest and drabbest of the world's major capitals.

As with most things Soviet, the activity has a political purpose: the opening, next July, of the 1980 Summer Olympic Games. Political brickwork and gold domes? Indeed. Three hundred thousand foreign tourists, plus some 5,000 Western journalists, will converge on Moscow for the games, and parading the glories of the Russian past (even the prerevolutionary past) is one means by which the Soviets hope to turn the occasion into a propaganda triumph. To that end, they are training harder than ever to try to capture medals in every one of the 203 events of the summer games. They are also building at a frantic pace to overcome decades of neglect of basic tourist facilities. And they are planning how to counteract the anti-Soviet demonstrations that almost certainly will accompany Olympic events.

These Soviet machinations overlay the customary Olympic politics, which next year offer the following possibilities: If the Israelis and/or Egyptians come to the games, the Arabs may stay home. If the French and/or English and/or New Zealanders come, the black Africans may stay home—because rugby teams composed of the former have played against teams in South Africa. If Taiwan comes as anything other than an adjunct of the People's Republic, the mainland Chinese apparently *will* stay home. While Soviet officials have stated that these are matters for the International Olympic Committee (IOC) to decide, it would not surprise Westerners to see the Soviets intervene if the decisions don't suit them.

Then there are the political dissidents, in whose behalf some visitors to Moscow are sure to create what the Soviets consider trouble by chanting slogans, waving banners, perhaps even disrupting the athletic contests. Whatever the visitors actually do, dissident leaders hope that the threat alone will force the regime to soften its policy toward them.

"We don't want to spoil the Olympics," Alexander Lerner, spokesman for Moscow's Jewish dissident community, told me recently in his apartment on the edge of the city, "but we do want to use the period preceding it for our purposes." Lerner's chief purpose is to obtain exit visas for himself and as many of his fellow dissidents as possible. He expects that Soviet authorities, eager to avoid public demonstrations and the need for countermeasures, will grant as many as 500 visas.

Thus Moscow is certain to set an Olympic record for political intrusion onto the playing fields, with all sides scoring points in every way possible. To prevent the dissidents from fueling the fires of "trouble," Soviet authorities will keep them at a distance—either by banishing them from Moscow

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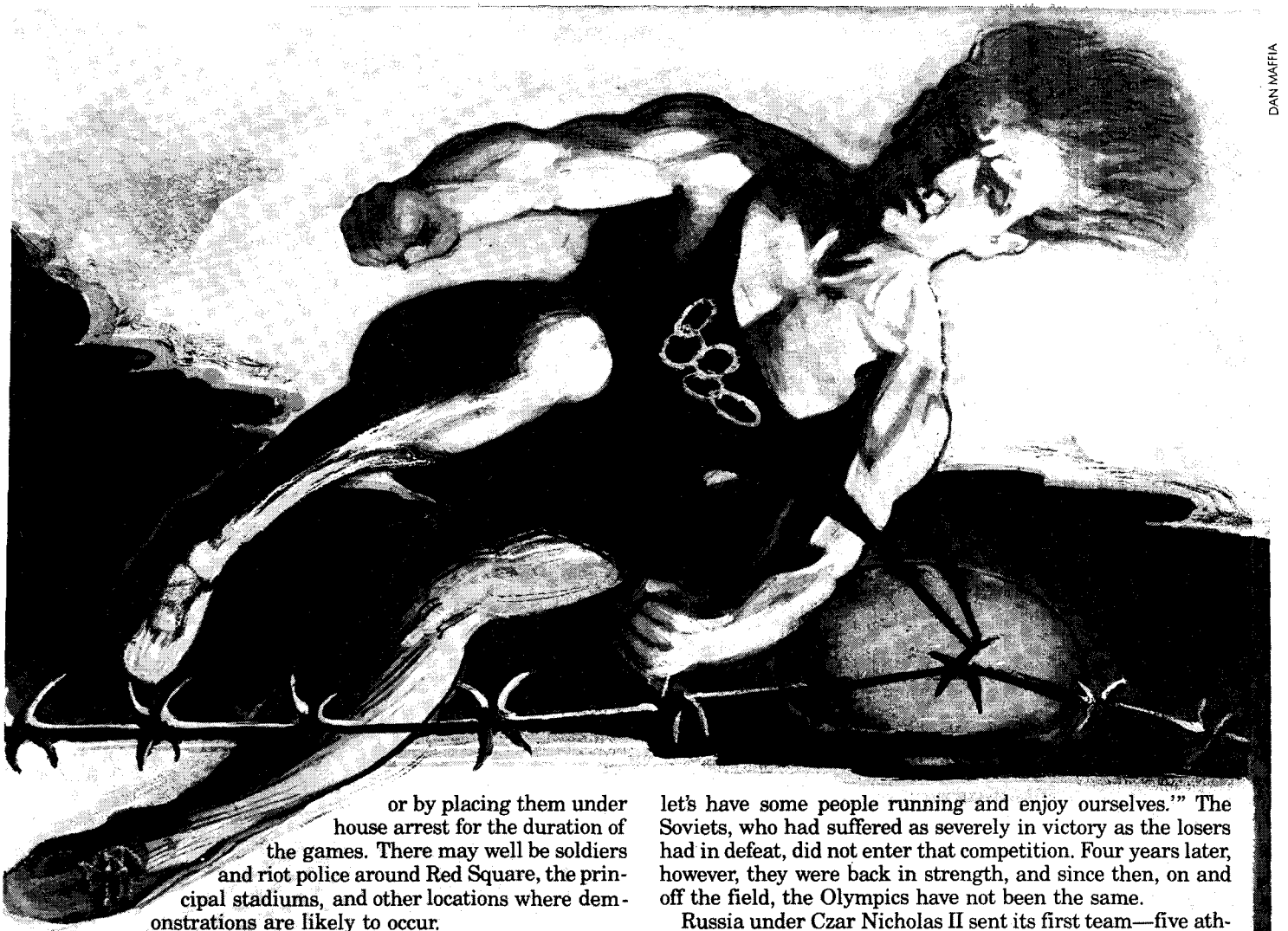

DAN MAFFIA

or by placing them under house arrest for the duration of the games. There may well be soldiers and riot police around Red Square, the principal stadiums, and other locations where demonstrations are likely to occur.

Tourists with no political points to make will encounter frustrations. Since all foreign visitors must come on group tours, rather than as individuals, itineraries and general movement will be greatly controlled. Every tourist, whether he wants to or not, will have to include other Russian cities on his trip, and his actual stay in Moscow will be limited to a few days in order to make room for another wave of visitors. No one will be certain of seeing the Olympic events he wants to see: After requesting the U.S.-USSR basketball game, a visitor may wind up at, say, the women's 5,000-meter walk. Added to these frustrations will be problems of tourism that are endemic to the Soviet Union.

IF ALL THIS SEEMS antithetical to the Olympic maxims about the joy and brotherhood of amateur sport, welcome to the mid-20th-century Olympic Games. Politics often overshadow athletics in this quadrennial spectacle. To update the famous von Clausewitz dictum: Athletics, like war, is now an extension of diplomacy by other means.

To be sure, the Olympics have long been susceptible to political intrusions. The pride of nations is at stake, the entire world is watching, and the professed ideals of Olympic sport provide excellent cover for nonsporting maneuvers. Everyone recalls past high or low points of these maneuvers (see "Forty Years of Strife," page 30). Historians centuries hence may well recall the 1948 games, held in London, as the last of the relatively nonpolitical Olympics. True, the just-defeated Germans and Japanese did not participate, and the IOC, facing the threat of an Arab boycott, finessed the new state of Israel out of an invitation. But for everyone else, recalls Frank Taylor, an English sportswriter then covering his first Olympics, the '48 games "were a way of saying, 'We're glad to be alive—let's have some people running and enjoy ourselves.'" The Soviets, who had suffered as severely in victory as the losers had in defeat, did not enter that competition. Four years later, however, they were back in strength, and since then, on and off the field, the Olympics have not been the same.

Russia under Czar Nicholas II sent its first team—five athletes—to the Olympics in 1908; three of the five brought back medals, an achievement that presaged triumphs a half-century later. In 1912, Russia sent a team of 225 competitors. Then the revolution occurred, and the new Soviet state pulled away from all international athletic events—and stayed away for 35 years. "We competed internationally in chess only," says Albert Leikin, executive secretary of the USSR Olympic Organizing Committee. "But we did compete in all sports on the national level." Even national competition was hard to sustain, given the turmoil of those 35 years: revolution and solidification, the Stalin purges, near-defeat at the hands of Germany, and the task, awesome under the best of circumstances, of raising a huge, backward nation to the front rank of world powers.

When the Soviets did return to the games, in Helsinki in 1952, they won 71 medals and challenged the United States in team points. Since then, their athletes have maintained an almost unbroken Olympic supremacy, winning the most medals and scoring the most team points five times out of six. In Montreal, they ran their medal total to 125, the highest ever, while their brother "socialists" from East Germany displaced the U.S.A. as perpetual runner-up.

Westerners have regularly charged the Soviets with flagrant professionalism, in violation of both the rules and the spirit of the Olympics. By any reasonable measure, Soviet athletes have indeed been professional, and the IOC has been justifiably criticized for failing to deal with that fact—not only in the Soviet Union but also in other Communist-bloc countries. At the same time, the West has refused to acknowledge the genuinely high priority given athletics in Soviet society, as well as the outstanding quality of Soviet coaches and training facilities. The Russians are good not just because

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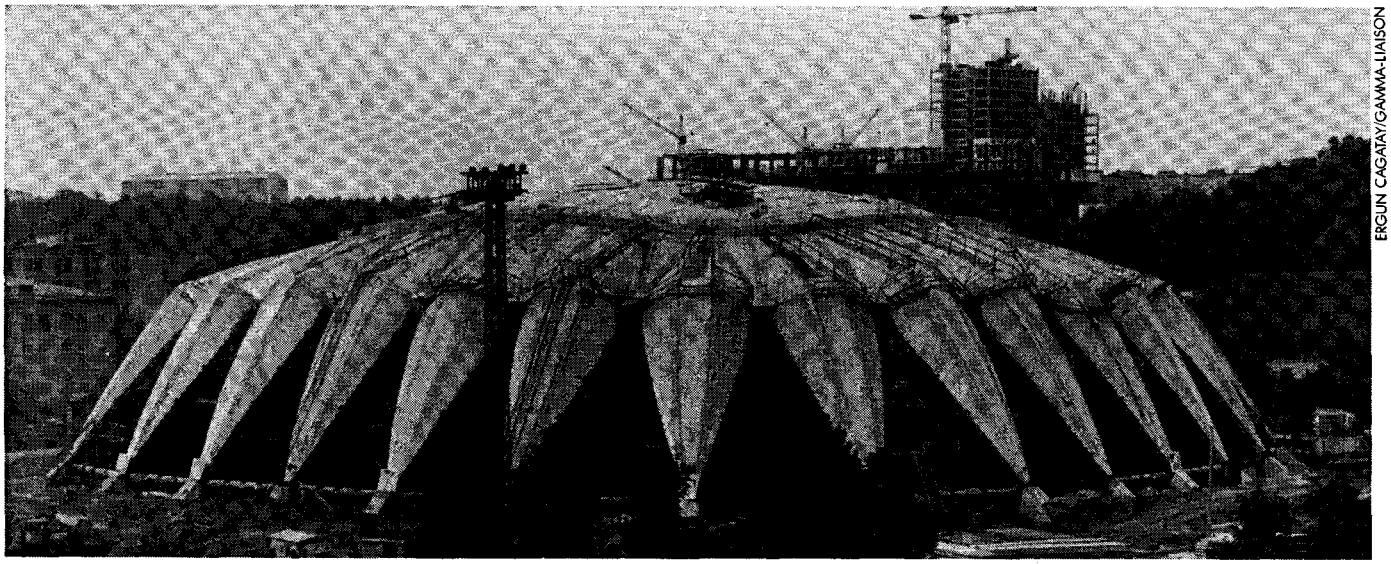

ERGUN CAGATAY/GAMMA-LIAISON

Multipurpose sports gym in Moscow's Luzhniki area. Formally named Friendship Arena, it is known locally as "the crab."

they're paid to be good but also because they have the dedication and supporting apparatus necessary to bring success in international sports.

FOR 1980, THE OLYMPIC nations have assembled a fine assortment of political issues to be thrashed out before the games themselves proceed. At this writing the issues, and their prospects for resolution, are as follows:

- *China and Taiwan.* At the 1976 Montreal games, the IOC permitted Taiwan to enter a "Republic of China" team. But Pierre Trudeau, then Canada's prime minister, refused to issue visas to the Taiwanese under that arrangement; Taiwan declined to enter under any other name, and, although several Western nations threatened a sympathy walkout, Trudeau prevailed. Now the People's Republic, presumably emboldened by U.S. diplomatic recognition, is acting in its own behalf. It says its team will not participate if the IOC recognizes Taiwan as anything but a "local body." "Taiwan is a province of China," the editor of Peking's *Sports News* told me in Moscow. "If the Taiwanese take part in the Olympics next summer, they must not use their flag, anthem, or anything that is symbolic of the so-called Republic of China."

Ironically, this hot potato could drop first into the hands of Jimmy Carter. The winter Olympics, in Lake Placid, New York, take place five months before the Moscow event; no matter how the IOC rules on Chinese representation, Carter, facing reelection and a bloc of senators notably sympathetic to Taiwan, might well feel constrained to intervene in that nation's behalf. The administration hopes that the Taiwanese, now badly outgunned in the wars of *realpolitik*, will accept Peking-imposed humiliations as the price of remaining an Olympic nation.

- *Rugby and the Africans.* Rugby is not an Olympic sport, but it is certainly complicating the Olympics. French teams often play South Africa's national Springbok team, and in October the Springboks are scheduled to tour France. Both the IOC and the Soviet Olympic Organizing Committee have warned the French against playing the October matches. But the French rugby federation has ignored the warnings, and the French Olympic Committee, which has jurisdiction over the federation, has declined to intervene. Now France's Minister of Sport has declared publicly that the government will prevent the Springboks from coming. The question is, how? Under present French regulations, South Africans do not need visas for visits of up to three months.

Britain's predicament may be even worse. Its rugby teams compete against South Africa's on the club, rather than national, level, so they theoretically are beyond the reach of the national government. In addition, the British Olympic Committee has no authority at all over the national rugby federation. The new Conservative government, inclined as it is to recognize the "internal settlement" in Rhodesia, hardly seems likely to crack down on good British lads for having a bit of sport with South Africans. New Zealand, which touched off the rugby hassle before the 1976 games, claims it's been abiding by a delicate agreement that was subsequently made to take care of the problem; some African observers, however, claim otherwise.

- *Israel/Egypt and the Arab states.* The threat of an Arab boycott, if Israel and Egypt take part, is little more than a rumor at this point. The Soviets, who have no diplomatic relations with Israel, have already agreed to accept an Israeli team and may accept Israeli tourists as well. While the Soviets support a Palestinian state and other Arab aims, they would not take kindly to the Arabs disrupting "their" games by staying home. In the end, the Arabs may accept this compromise solution: Come to the games, but reserve the right simply to forfeit any contest in which one of their teams is pitted against an Israeli team. That might be humane as well as politic, since it is difficult to conceive of an Israeli-Iraqi water polo game proceeding without several drownings.

These three issues are only the finalists from a crowded field of pre-Olympic controversies. Among those settled in preliminary rounds: Israeli talk of boycotting the games in deference to the Jewish "refuseniks"; Israel's own sporting ties to South Africa, which the Knesset, after Soviet rumblings, promised to sever. Also resolved was the status of athletes from West Berlin, which the Soviets do not recognize as part of West Germany; for the purposes of these games, the Soviets agreed, the two can participate on the same team.

PERHAPS THE MOST intriguing questions about the 1980 Olympics pertain to the Soviets themselves. What do they hope to gain from this huge effort, and what are the chances of their hopes being realized?

For the Soviets, these games present a number of tempting opportunities: to attract badly needed foreign capital; to build facilities that, contrary to the experiences in other Olympic cities, will be highly useful after the games have gone; and, most important, to work off a portion of the massive national inferiority complex, by showing the world that the Soviet Union can successfully stage a great international event.

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When the Soviets first bid for the games in 1970, many Kremlin watchers were surprised. Moscow clearly was not equipped to handle hordes of tourists, and the KGB (secret police) would surely not welcome the thousands of journalists and other snoopers who would accompany them. While no Westerners know the extent of the infighting that preceded the decision to bid for the games, it must have been extensive. The best estimates are that the core of the resistance came from the KGB and various ideological hardliners—that is, "old Bolsheviks" and others determined to keep out pernicious Western influences.

The anti-Olympians were able to cite a powerful and recent precedent: the 1957 Moscow Youth Festival. The festival drew tens of thousands of visitors from the non-Communist world, and with them came rock and jazz music, blue jeans, booze, and some very un-Soviet patterns of behavior. Young Muscovites were delighted. "Russian girls were sleeping with foreigners all over the parks," recalls Priscilla McMillan, an American writer on Soviet affairs. "If you rustled the bushes, they'd come tumbling out." Soviet authorities were aghast, and it seemed probable that an iron curtain would indefinitely bar further cultural invasions.

Yet only a dozen years later, the Soviets were courting the biggest invasion of them all, the Olympics. The turnabout was spearheaded, it seems, by several interest groups within the not-so-monolithic ruling circle: the new internationalists, headed by Leonid Brezhnev, chairman of the Supreme Soviet Presidium; officials interested in foreign trade and in strengthening the nation's sagging balance of payments; the developers of housing, tourism, and related services; the sports federations, which are pervasive and influential in the Soviet Union; and what some students of the system call "the new new class," an amorphous group of privileged citizens whose frequent access to the outside world and its material goods sets them far above the masses. The sentiment common to these groups, conjectures a Western businessman long resident in Moscow, was "We can't live in a tin can with the lid always on."

A less identifiable but probably equally compelling sentiment was simple national pride. The Russians, officials and plain folk alike, are a proud people. Their pride centers on the nation, not the Communist Party or the Soviet system. It is manifested by a widespread "let's show 'em" attitude, which Russians call *kvas* patriotism, after a fermented drink beloved by peasants. The showing would be made not just for the rest of the world but also—as a morale-boosting exploit—for the Russian people themselves.

Whatever the precise motivations, says J. Frederick Starr of the Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies, the Soviet decision has important ramifications for the West. "For the first time, the Soviets have accepted an international measure for judging the success or failure of their performance. That, I think, is something we should welcome."

The Soviets' first bid for the summer games was rejected in favor of Montreal, but four years later, in 1974, they beat out Los Angeles. No "developing" country had ever hosted the Olympics, and that worked in the Soviets' favor; besides, L.A. had been awarded the games once before. Since six years is hardly a long lead time for a project of Olympic magnitude, Western observers immediately began speculating whether the Soviets—in the words of one American who studies their ways— "would screw up again. Not in the athletic competition, Lord knows, but in managing the whole enterprise."

So the Soviets won the 1980 designation, after a short struggle. (Los Angeles, as unsuccessful bidders often do, settled for the next games.) At the onset of planning, they followed two sensible ideas that seem to elude most Olympic cities: Wherever possible, renovate rather than build afresh; and where new facilities are necessary, construct them with specific post-Olympic uses in mind. Calculating the overall cost is tricky; for one thing, the Soviets, following their long-

Misha, the official Soviet Olympic symbol—is that a genuine or political smile?

time practice, have gotten a lot of "free" labor out of their peacetime army. Their claim of spending only $350 million to stage the games seems substantially understated. But the actual expenditure should fall far below the staggering sums laid out by Montreal, Munich, and Mexico City.

The Olympic Village, consisting of 18 residential towers plus athletic and recreational facilities, will become a rental apartment complex—and thereby alleviate Moscow's chronic housing shortage. The newly built press center will become the headquarters of the Novasti press agency; the new air terminal, an addition to overcrowded Sheremetyevo Airport. Other facilities will be turned over to the city, the army, and sports clubs. In addition, Moscow is gaining several new hotels, nearly doubling the city's number of tourist beds. Meanwhile, building schedules elsewhere in the country have been slowed down appreciably. "Moscow officials are happy as hell," says a Western newsman. "They've found a way to get their priority construction done."

Observers disagree over whether the Soviets will realize a net gain in foreign currency. At least two major Olympic projects are being built by European concerns, who would not be doing the work for mere rubles. The manager of the Moscow American Express office calculates roughly that tourism will bring in $30-$35 million in hard currencies.

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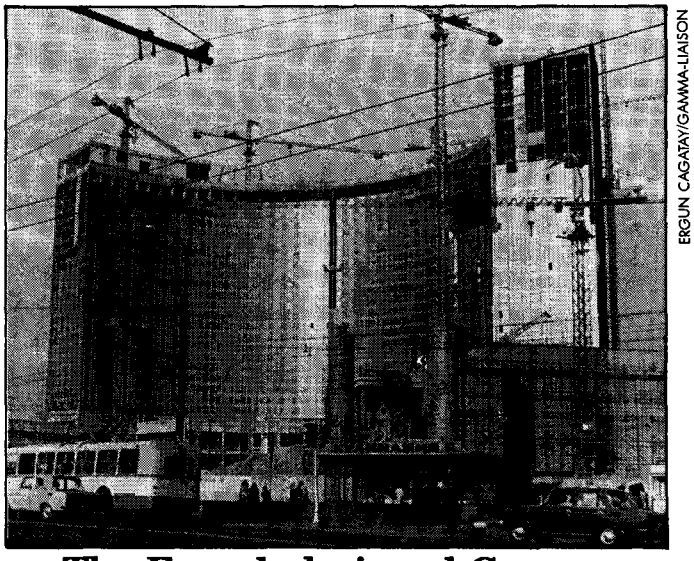

ERGUN CAGATAY/GAMMA-LIAISON

The French-designed Cosmos Hotel is one of the glossy new structures rising for the games.

Much more significant are the $100 million that NBC is paying for television rights and expenses (see page 20) and the unknown millions in license fees gathered from the "official" Olympic suppliers (see box, page 24). To the Soviet economy, every bit of hard currency is important; in Moscow and other cities frequented by foreign travelers, souvenir shops, restaurants, bars, and numerous Intourist services have been set up to trap dollars and other alternatives to the mushy ruble.

Another probable goal of the Soviet authorities is to boost the morale of their huge work force, which lacks both enthusiasm and efficiency. The ancient Romans, with their bread and circuses, discovered this gambit, and the Soviets have brought it up to date, commemorating real or fanciful triumphs at every opportunity. The 1980 Olympics, however, may provide a lot more circuses than bread. There is widespread fear that meat and other foodstuffs already in short supply will be channeled to the tourist hotels.

Partly to combat the grumbling that is sure to result, the authorities are exhorting the citizenry to treat these Olympics as an opportunity for great and heroic national achievement. Posted throughout the country are immense red billboards bearing statements by Brezhnev or Lenin on the importance of sport in Soviet society or jingoistic slogans, like "Children—Olympic Victory 1980!" In this atmosphere, Soviet athletes will be under intense pressure to win.

FEW OBSERVERS DOUBT THAT the Soviets will run the athletic part of the games at least adequately. But what of the tourist part? That seems as important to their overall purpose as sleek arenas and boxes full of gold medals. By Soviet standards, full-scale improvement is underway. The new hotels include a complex with room for 2,000 guests. A sizable fleet of *rafiks*, vehicles normally used as ambulances and vans, is being refitted to serve as mini-buses for Olympic athletes and tourists. Taxis will be repainted in brighter colors, and their drivers will receive English lessons. University students who can speak a foreign language will be pressed into service as guides for Intourist, the state-run tourist agency. By the time the games open, on July 19, Moscow's face lift will extend to much of the downtown sector as well as to the city's parks and boulevards.

Yet the Moscow of the Olympics will be far from a modern tourist capital. The city's hotels are inadequate in number and in level of accommodation. Except for the two or three best, which will be given over to visiting politicians and others whom the Soviets want to impress, the hotels are dingy, sparsely furnished, and lacking in amenities—such as soap and stoppers in the bathrooms. Luckily for Westerners, they will get the best of what is available: The authorities are altering the academic schedules at Moscow universities and institutes in order to free dormitory rooms for Olympic tourists; the dorms, and fourth-rate hotels, will almost certainly go to Third World visitors, on the theory that they cannot pay for—and are not accustomed to—anything better.

If the lodging is bad, the eating may be worse. In Moscow, Russian food tends to be starchy and very limited with respect to choices. There is plenty of herring, sturgeon, chicken Kiev, potatoes, and, of course, vodka. There are almost no green vegetables; "salad" means sliced cucumbers; Moscow borscht is a meaty, rather than a beetsy, soup, and greasy besides. Resident Westerners argue about which hotel has the least objectionable restaurant, but those not affiliated with hotels are hardly better. In addition, the city has virtually no foreign restaurants, unless one considers as foreign a place that serves food in the style of Georgia or Uzbekistan or one of the other Soviet republics. Even the Pekin, nominally Chinese, manages to give Oriental dishes an all-too-Russian flavor. Small wonder American Embassy personnel—including those with cosmopolitan tastes—call the Embassy snack bar "the best restaurant in town."

Then there are the small inconveniences. In the downtown areas I frequented, it is impossible to find a drink of water in a public place, except from vending machines that offer it in reusable glasses. One can wander for many blocks without finding a single sign or person who can offer help in any language other than Russian.

Worse, perhaps, is the resident attitude toward customer service. From restaurants to taxis to stores, it is virtually nonexistent. Many Muscovites are friendly to foreigners, but seldom in a professional capacity; although that attitude may uphold the socialist vision of the working man's dignity, it falls very short of tourist expectations. Says *Newsweek*'s Fred Coleman, who is just completing six years as a correspondent in Moscow: "People who pay a lot of money to come here next summer are going to be frustrated—by the hotel accommodations, the food at restaurants and stadiums, the specific athletic events they'll want to see but won't be able to."

Whatever visitors bring into Moscow will not produce the giddy shock effects of the 1957 youth festival; Muscovites are now reasonably accustomed to Western ways. But the KGB will be kept extremely busy securing the Olympic Village against terrorism and the airport against an invasion of drugs, pornography, and political literature. It will also have to guard against public anti-Soviet demonstrations. (The Ukrainians, who may be the most disaffected of all inhabitants of the republics, are rumored to be plotting their own protests—though it will be a brave Ukrainian indeed who makes anti-Soviet gestures for the benefit of Western reporters.)

Yet police cannot hope to prevent every tourist who wants to from raising a banner proclaiming "Free Orlov" or "Let the Jews Emigrate." And if the police rough up foreign tourist protesters, won't that make a dainty dish to set before the world's TV viewers?

Alexander Lerner and his fellow dissidents make no secret of their hopes that foreign visitors will raise principled hell in Moscow. Indeed, already circulating among the dissidents are campaign buttons reading, "Berlin 1936—Moscow 1980—Olympics of Oppression." Says Lerner, with evident satisfaction, "Many of the athletes and tourists will wear these—and what will the authorities do?"

In sum, the Soviets are playing a complex game next summer. They are putting piles of chips all over the roulette board of international politics, and it is too early to tell whether their numbers will come up. Whatever happens, it will be a relief when the Olympic games move on to Los Angeles in 1984. There, it will just be politics as usual. ◉

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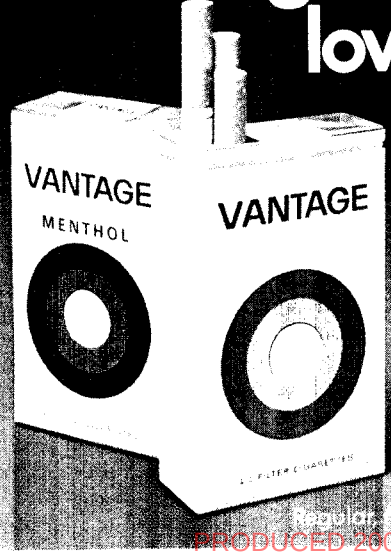

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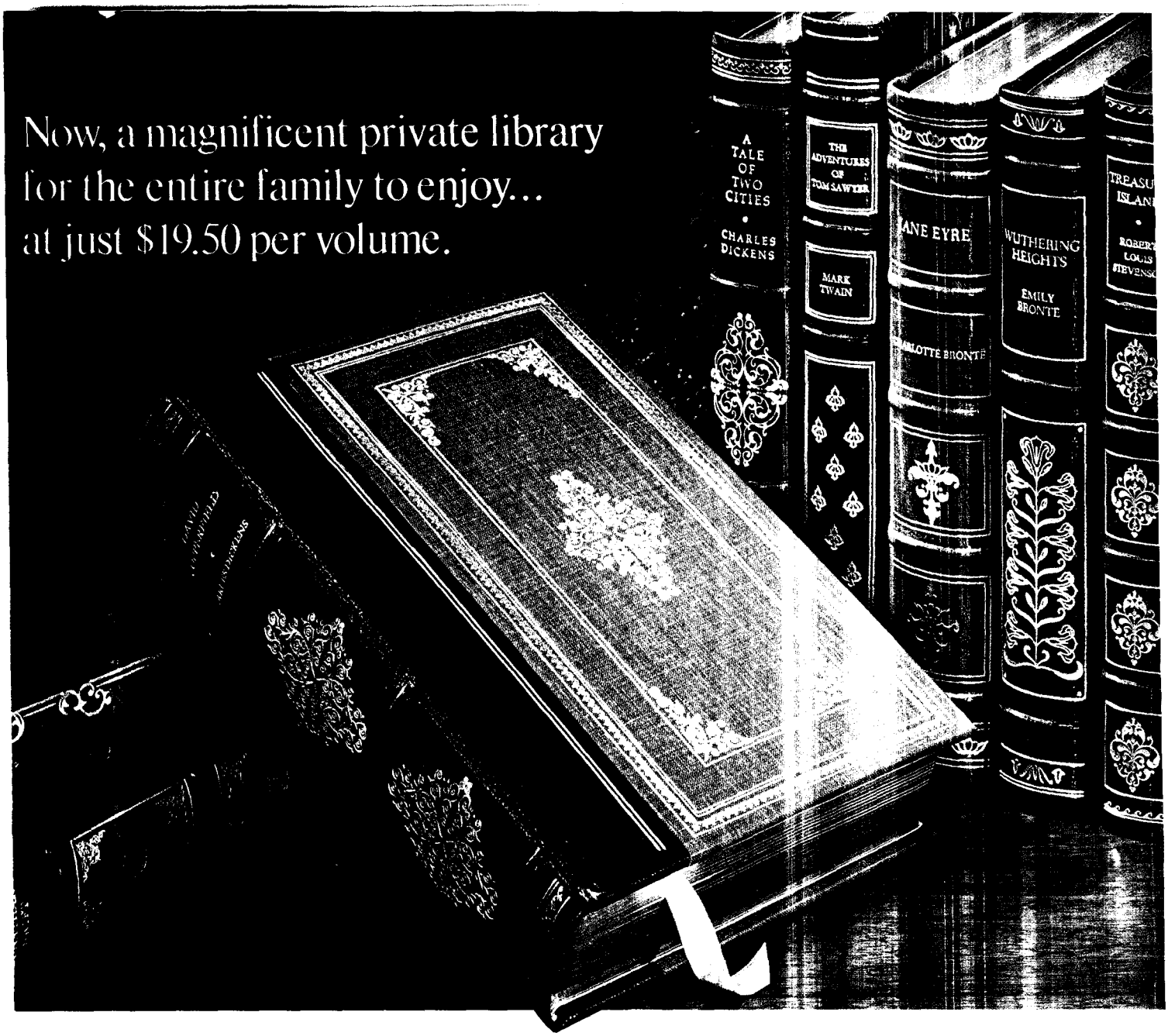

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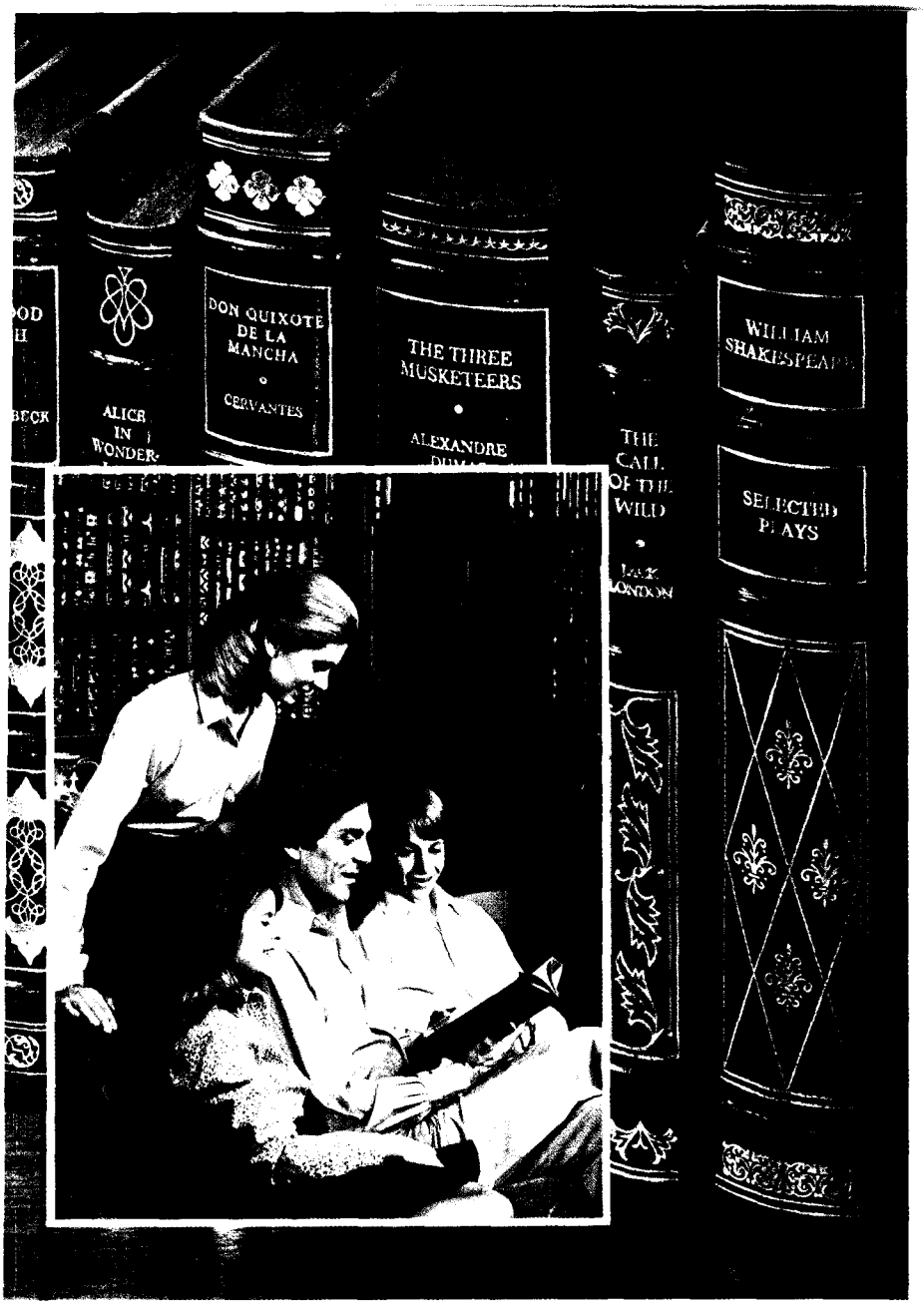

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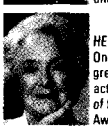
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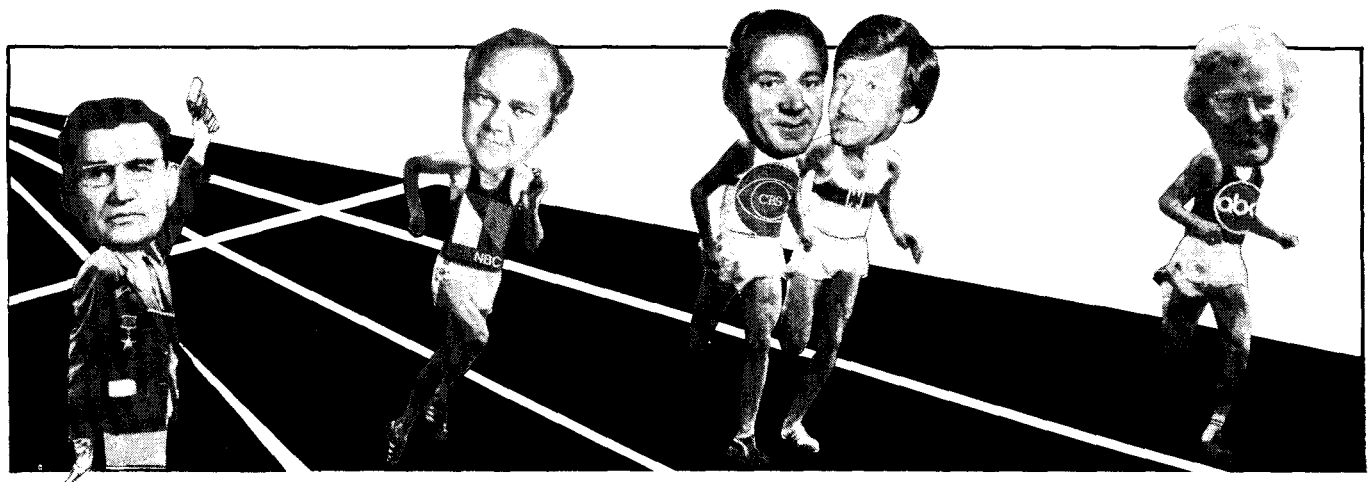
TROUBLED OLYMPICS

TV Buys the Games

The Saga of NBC's Winning Ways

by Frank Swertlow



Off to a fast start: Russia's Novikov, NBC's Carl Lindemann, CBS's Robert Wussler, Impresario Lothar Bok, ABC's Roone Arledge.

NEXT JULY, NBC Sports will focus more than 100 cameras on the 1980 Summer Olympics from Moscow, the first games ever televised from a Communist country. In all likelihood, this 15-day extravaganza, which cost NBC in excess of $100 million, will be the most lavish ever beamed into the American living room: More than 150 hours of programming will be available, nearly double the airtime of the 1976 summer games in Montreal.

To insure the perfection of this broadcast, NBC has created a small army of technicians, videotape operators, and executives who have spent nearly three years preparing to send a sharply tuned image of the games back home.

Ironically, NBC wasn't even a contender during the two years that its rivals, ABC and CBS, skirmished through a byzantine series of informal and formal negotiations with the Soviets. It was only at the eleventh hour that NBC managed to secure the rights, with the help of a man who had until then been working for CBS.

Lothar Bock, the West German "impresario" who had been the key to CBS's drive to get the rights to the Moscow telecast, was having breakfast at New York's Plaza Hotel with the talkative head of NBC Sports, Carl Lindemann. Bock handed his companion a letter. The message was brief: The Soviet government had awarded CBS the Moscow telecast. The price was $81 million (the highest fee for a single event in the history of broadcasting). The signature at the bottom of the letter made the deal as good as an Olympic gold medal: Ignati Novikov, chairman, Soviet Olympic Organizing Committee.

Bock then told Lindemann that his bosses at CBS didn't want to have anything to do with the Olympics. "Would NBC be interested?" he asked. If so, they could have the telecast from Moscow for $82 million, plus additional fees for a series of cultural programs and an ongoing consultancy, and a $1 million commission for Bock.

The conversation stunned Lindemann, who had spent more than two years wooing the Soviets. "I called my bosses and they told me not to let him out of my sight. We left without even eating."

Hours later, Bock had an NBC contract, and his new bosses—after a few telephone calls to Moscow—had the Soviet telecast. All that remained was the formal signing of the agreement. On the following day, Lindemann, Robert Howard, the president of the NBC-TV Network, and several assistants flew to the Soviet Union, a flight made secretly to block any last-minute bid from ABC.

Once the NBC team arrived, they discussed the final terms of the deal. The price, as Bock stated, was $82 million. But because the fee was so high, instead of the usual 72 or 75 hours of programming, NBC was promised 150. The signing was scheduled for the next day.

Then, the negotiations took an abrupt turn. Roone Arledge, the flamboyant president of ABC Sports, stormed into Moscow waving fistfuls of money. Luckily for Lindemann and his associates, the Soviet negotiator didn't want to do business with Arledge. But Novikov raised the price of the contract to $85 million, the amount Arledge was offering. The shocked NBC contingent hurriedly telephoned the demand to their superiors in New York. Would they be willing to pay $3 million more? The answer came back: yes.

On February 1, 1977, David Brinkley announced on *NBC Nightly News* that his network had been awarded the U.S. rights to televise the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

"Looking back," said a member of the NBC negotiating team, "we really had been out of the race. It always was ABC or CBS. I mean the Russians put us in second-rate hotels and never bothered to show up for our meetings. If it weren't for Bock, we would have been nowhere."

THIS BIZARRE and confusing saga started in Vienna, in October of 1974, when the IOC awarded the Soviet Union the 1980 summer games. From that moment on, executives from all three U.S. networks started planning their strategies for obtaining the television rights.

In recent years broadcasting an Olym-

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pics has assumed a greater importance as each contest has become more political. Securing an Olympic telecast seems to have become tantamount to buying exclusive rights to a major news event. "Television," said one NBC executive, "has raised the level of national and international interest in the games beyond anything that existed before the TV age." And from a promotional point of view, the summer Olympics provide the network airing them an ideal showcase for plugging their fall season's shows and stars.

In the fall of 1974, the odds-on favorite to get the Moscow telecast was ABC. The reason was obvious. ABC Sports under Arledge had broadcast six out of the last eight games, and its coverage had grown more impressive and innovative with each Olympics. ABC was "the network of the Olympics," and Arledge's rivals weren't sure they could break his hold on the games.

But the new head of CBS Sports, Robert Wussler, wanted to give it a try. An ambitious executive with the instincts of a riverboat gambler, he quickly convinced Arthur Taylor, the president of CBS, Inc., that the Moscow telecast would be a key element in the revival of the Sports Division, then the only unsuccessful broadcasting department at CBS. Meanwhile, at NBC, Lindemann persuaded his superiors that they should put a bid in for the games, too.

All three networks began to vie for the favors of the Soviets, who were cleverly keeping network officials off guard and confused about when bargaining would begin and how much they wanted for the broadcasts. One thing, however, the Soviets made clear: The winner of the negotiations had to broadcast favorable glimpses of Soviet life.

Publically, the networks rejected the overture, but privately, ABC and CBS began courting the Soviets by airing a series of programs aimed at ingratiating themselves with the Kremlin. The most blatant was a week-long series of cultural reports on Soviet life broadcast on ABC's *AM America*, the now defunct morning show. CBS sent Mary Tyler Moore to Moscow to soften up the Russians and to host a special on the Bolshoi Ballet, which subsequently was aired in 1976. After the Bolshoi, CBS televised a program about the Moscow circus.

"All of this was done," said Wussler, "as part of an effort to enhance our image, and to say to those people in the Soviet Union that we would like to get along, and where we can do business we are more than happy to."

As competition among the networks heightened, CBS decided it needed an experienced guide to cut through the murky Soviet bargaining tactics. Bud Greenspan, who had produced a series on the Olympic games for public television, told Wussler that Lothar Bock, a self-proclaimed impresario from Munich, could get CBS the Moscow telecast. After having a drink with Bock, Wussler agreed, and on November 1, 1975, he hired the impresario.

Who is Bock? And how did he become so influential with the Soviets? Wussler offered the standard theory: In 1968, Bock handled a group of Russian singers who happened to be touring West Germany when the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia. At that historical juncture the Germans didn't want to hear Russian songs, and Bock lost about $75,000. "The Russians never forgot that," said Wussler. "They trusted him."

ONE YEAR AFTER Bock went to work for CBS something unexpected happened in the United States that further heightened the pressure to win the Moscow telecast: The American public, which is usually only mildly interested in the winter Olympics as compared with the summer games, was captivated by ABC's telecast from Innsbruck, Austria, winning for the network an average Nielsen rating of 19.6. Along broadcast row in New York, everyone's attention turned to the negotiations for the 1980 winter games in Lake Placid, New York.

But it was too late. Arledge's bid had already been accepted: The price was $10 million, the same fee as they had paid for the Innsbruck games, and $3.5 million less than the cost of the 1972 summer games in Munich. Lake Placid was a bargain.

NBC and CBS cried foul, claiming they never had a chance to bid, and lodged an official protest with the IOC, which subsequently let them offer bids. But the IOC then allowed ABC to match them and approved a deal with Arledge for $15.5 million in June of 1976.

Having lost the Lake Placid telecast, CBS and NBC now seemed even more determined to keep the Moscow event away from ABC's cameras. This became apparent as officials from all three networks and the Soviets converged on Montreal for the 1976 summer games. There, the networks tossed lavish cocktail parties for the Soviets and pressed for details about the upcoming negotiations. The Soviets enjoyed the hospitality but kept the Americans in the dark.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, the Soviets invited their American friends to an extravagant party aboard the Soviet liner, *Alexander Pushkin*, moored in Montreal harbor, and then Novikov announced the price of the games.

"I remember the first time they mentioned the figure of $210 million," recalled Lindemann. They said, "Sit down, here is a glass of water. I think you are going to need it." The price was staggering. According to network sources present in Montreal, the Russians reasoned that since CBS's Taylor had told them he would write them a check for $70 million, they could ask the two other networks for the same amount. To make matters worse, Novikov "made it clear to us," said Wussler, "that he expected some kind of favorable political coverage." The Americans were outraged.

As soon as the Olympic torch was extinguished in Montreal, the Soviets notified the Americans that they should submit first-round bids by the fall. The

In the backstretch: Stymied by the Soviets, the three networks form a pool to broadcast the summer games from Moscow.

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networks complied: NBC offered $70 million, CBS $71, ABC $33.3 million.

Arledge explained that his low bid was for nonexclusive rights; that is, he was raising the possibility that each network cover some part of the Moscow games. It was a move, he felt, that would reduce the cost of the games and lessen the risk of any one network being accused of televising Soviet propaganda.

NBC liked the idea, but CBS didn't, so Arledge upped his bid to $73 million. At that point Bock began shuttling Wussler and Taylor to Moscow, and by October, the CBS officials seemed to have reached an agreement with the Soviets. To celebrate the drawing up of a contract for the telecast, CBS planned a lavish party for the Soviets at a meeting of the IOC in Barcelona.

But the morning before Taylor was scheduled to fly to Barcelona, William Paley, chairman of CBS, called Taylor into his office and fired him. The ouster stunned the Soviets. "The Russians understand purges in their own country," said a CBS official, "but they didn't understand a purge in a capitalist one."

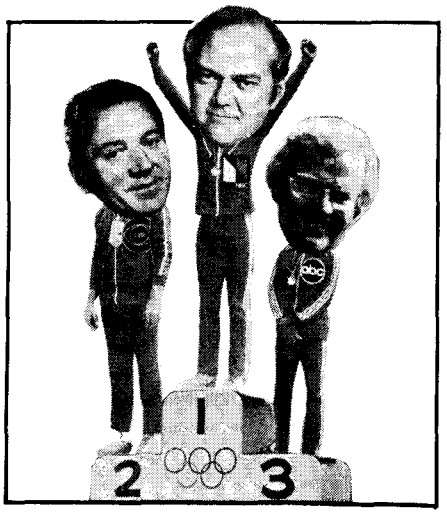
Taylor's dismissal was a major setback for CBS. However, Bock remained optimistic. He telephoned Wussler and said he could put the deal together, provided that Paley go to Moscow as a display of CBS stability.

"How soon do we leave?" Paley asked Wussler, who had by this time become the president of the CBS TV Network. In early November, Paley and Wussler boarded a CBS-owned Gulfstream II executive jet and flew to Moscow. The Soviets, who almost never allow private planes to fly over their air space, greeted Paley warmly. After two days of meetings, dinners, and countless tosses of vodka, the two CBS executives flew home, confident they had a firm deal.

Yet, a month after Paley's visit to Moscow, the deal fell apart. The Soviets summoned all three networks to Moscow to start the final round of negotiations. They demanded $50 million for equipment and technical facilities, and stipulated that most of the money had to be deposited in the Kremlin by 1978—two full years before the Olympics started. If there were any problems, a Soviet court would arbitrate the issues.

The Americans were shocked. Given the growing politicization of the Olympics, some unforeseen crisis could halt the games or force a withdrawal of the U.S. team. The winning network could conceivably lose $50 million.

Building outrage upon outrage, Novikov then announced that the Russians would accept a new sealed bid every day. Once a winner was announced, the losers could submit a higher bid—a seemingly endless proposition that would leave both the winner and the losers exhausted.



The finish: NBC wins over CBS and ABC.

Wussler was furious. He met privately with Novikov to remind him of his deal with Paley. But Novikov just shrugged. His government could get more from the auction, he said.

Wussler returned to his room at the Sovietskaya Hotel and telephoned John A. Schneider, the president of the CBS Broadcast Group and his immediate superior, to tell him that the deal with Paley had crumbled. He suggested that Schneider try to resurrect the three-network pool. Schneider agreed, and telephoned the other networks, quickly getting their approval. Now, all that had to be done was to obtain a waiver from the Justice Department stating that their joint broadcast would not violate federal anti-trust laws.

The following day, Wussler, Howard, and Arledge—the latter two having been informed of the pool agreement—told Novikov they were going home. The Soviets were angry and warned them that if they left, they could never return.

Several days after the Americans were back in New York, the Soviets announced that they had reached a preliminary agreement with SATRA, a small U.S. company that had been doing business with the Soviet government for years. The networks called the deal "a face saver" for the Soviets, ignored it, and prepared a letter to the Justice Department requesting that they be allowed pool coverage of the Olympics. The networks also agreed not to have any dealings with the Soviets.

ONCE AGAIN, the Moscow negotiations took another turn. Novikov wired Paley that the CBS deal was still on. Bock, who had remained in Moscow, telephoned Wussler with the same message.

On January 8, Arledge and his boss, Fred Pierce, the president of ABC Television, telephoned Wussler and Schneider and accused them of letting Bock secretly negotiate a contract with the Soviets. The CBS officials denied the charge, but refused to send a wire to the Soviets disavowing Bock.

Three days later, Bock's wife, Ingrid, telephoned Wussler from Munich. She said her husband was en route from Moscow, via Frankfurt, and had some "important information" and "documentation" to bring him in New York. When Wussler pressed for details, she said, "Lothar wants to tell you himself."

On Sunday, January 23, Wussler and Bock met for a drink at the Plaza Hotel. "Well," said Bock "[the Soviets] have accepted the old CBS arrangement for the higher offer of $81 million, and I can deliver it to CBS in the next 10 days." He went on to say that the Soviets would liberalize their payment schedule and drop demands for favorable political and cultural coverage. It was a good deal.

"Lothar," Wussler said, "I think this is going to cause serious difficulties. You were not authorized to do this."

The German defended himself. "Look, I am not negotiating. I cannot help it if people run up to me and tell me that this is going on, if people are saying to me: 'Your Justice Department is never going to approve this pool. Even if they do, we in the Soviet Union will not accept it.'"

Wussler was not dissuaded: "Lothar, I will have none of it. You will hear from me tomorrow. Stay in town."

The next day, Wussler told Bock that CBS was no longer interested in the Olympic telecast and was withdrawing from the pool agreement. Now Bock, stunned, felt that he had only one recourse: Tuesday morning, he chartered a jet and flew to the Bahamas to try and persuade Paley to accept his deal. The mission failed.

Why did CBS reject Bock's deal and then withdraw from the pool agreement? Again, like everything else surrounding the negotiations, the answer is not clear. An ABC negotiator offered one explanation: "We caught them with their hands in the cookie jar. Bock was negotiating for them all along, and we could prove it."

Perhaps. But maybe, as Wussler said, they "saw nothing but trouble ahead." Maybe CBS's real reason for withdrawing was that it decided that there were too many "imponderables" involved in dealing with the Soviets.

In any case, Bock returned to New York, contacted Lindemann, and arranged to meet him for that fateful breakfast.

The final chapter of the story unfolds next July. After the games are over, the American public and the press will decide who the real winner is : NBC or the networks that lost the games.

Frank Swertlow, a former columnist for TV Guide, *is the television critic of the* Chicago Sun-Times.

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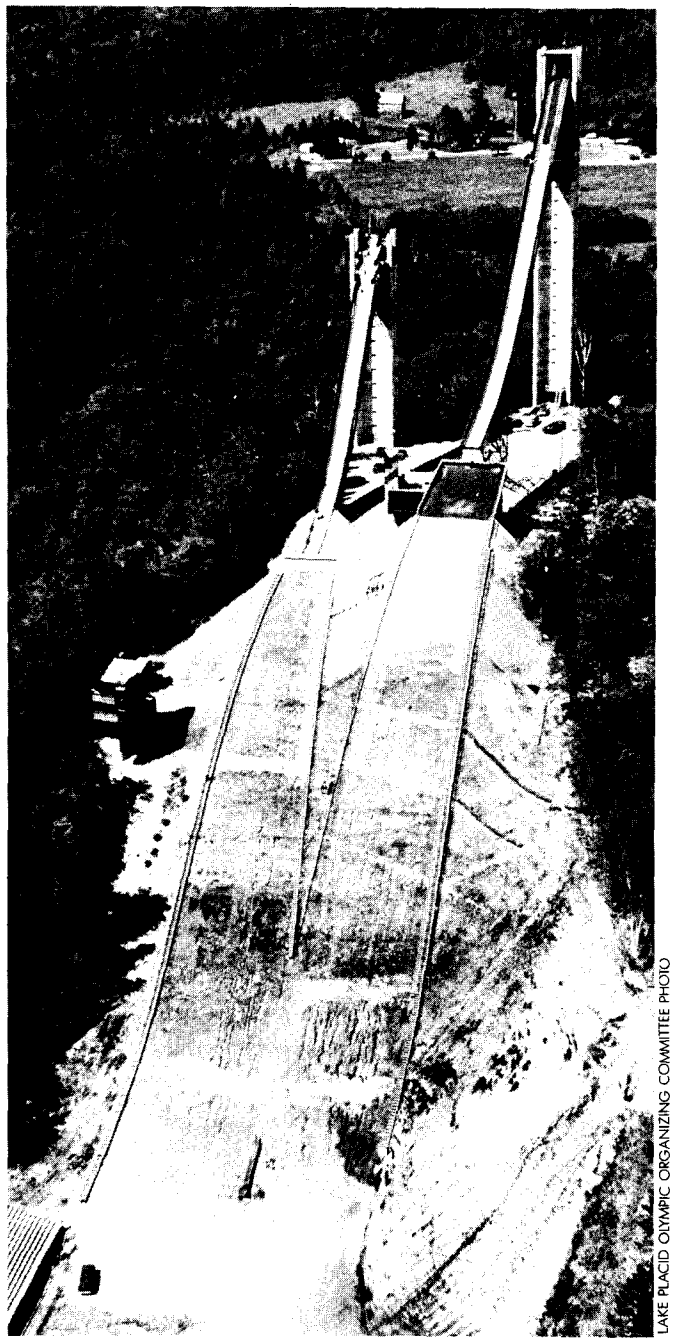
Lake Placid
A Plundered Paradise

by James Allan Dumont

NEXT FEBRUARY, perhaps even as President Carter officially opens the 1980 Winter Olympics in Lake Placid, New York, an estimated 600-900 million TV viewers will hear the games touted as "an Olympics in perspective," an Olympics without adverse environmental impact, commercialism, or cost overruns. The sad fact, however, is that the Lake Placid Olympics have become a permanent environmental debacle, and an economic fiasco to boot.

Lake Placid is nestled in the heart of the popular "high peaks" of New York's mountainous Adirondack Park, the largest tract of wilderness east of the Mississippi. For over a century the city-weary have come to the Lake Placid area in search of solitude, beauty, and rejuvenation.

Henceforth they will have to look elsewhere. Little Lake Placid is abuzz with traffic jams, construction sites, and enormous new hotels and athletic facilities. Just outside the village, 90 acres of prime wilderness have been cleared of trees and bulldozed to make room for the Olympic Village (the athletes' housing area), which will be converted to a federal medium-security prison after the Olympics. By 1985, according to government forecasts, the publicity from the Olympics will have attracted 5,000-10,000 more hikers per year to the nearby mountain trails. The solitude they seek will have disappeared. But at least they will have no trouble finding places to park their cars—large "satellite" parking lots are being built along the once-rustic roads leading to Lake Placid. (The lots were to have been temporary, but the money previously allocated for dismantling them was cut from the Olympics' already overextended budget.)



LAKE PLACID OLYMPIC ORGANIZING COMMITTEE PHOTO

The Olympics have engulfed Lake Placid's vistas, shattering the tranquility of the surrounding park.

In 1972, Colorado's elected officials helped lead that state's fight against an environmentally unsound winter Olympics. In New York, Governor Hugh Carey's administration has actually made history in its zeal to accommodate the Olympics. Since 1894 the New York State constitution has prohibited any and all development on the Adirondack Park's state forest lands (the "Forest Preserve"); in 1978 the governor's men set a historic precedent when they decided simply to ignore this prohibition and expand the Olympic downhill ski trails right onto the Forest Preserve.

But environmental depredations only lead the list of abuses of "an Olympics in perspective." The games were sold to the local community on the strength of their impact on the depressed economy. Yet taxpayers may in fact be shouldering an Olympic-size debt for decades to come, while precious construction jobs have gone to well-established unions from the surrounding area. And finally, several engineers have charged that Olympic facilities are being constructed so recklessly as to invite the possibility of a serious accident.

The Olympics have engulfed Lake Placid's vistas and the beauty and tranquility of a large chunk of the rest of the park—a fact hard to believe since the park is larger than the entire state of Vermont. Only 40 percent of the park is state-owned, and the remainder is private land, which mingles with state land as to form a patchwork quilt. Thus the primitive ambience of each

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state-owned portion can be ruined by development on adjoining private land.

Recognizing the need to protect the state land by regulating development on the private land, the state legislature in 1971 created the Adirondack Park Agency. Under the Adirondack Park Agency Act, landowners must obtain a park agency permit before subdividing or developing their property. The act states that the agency's 11 commissioners "shall not approve" any project that would have an "undue adverse impact" upon the park's natural, scenic, aesthetic, or historic resources. The park's single most valuable resource, of course, is its wilderness land, which regulations define as those areas of the state park where "the imprint of man's work" is "substantially unnoticeable."

The park agency scotched developers' plans to convert much of the park into upstate Levittowns. When they challenged the agency's powers in court and lost, the developers turned to the legislature, lobbying continuously and effectively for bills to abolish the agency. By 1976 the tide was turning. The agency's life expectancy looked shorter every minute, as repeal bills garnered ever longer lists of cosponsors.

The winter Olympics served as an ultimate testing ground. On October 15, 1976, the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee formally applied to the park agency for permission to build a structure so tall—266 feet from top to bottom—and so conspicuous—perched on the crest of a 200-foot-high ridge—that it would be the tallest building in the state north of Albany and the visual centerpiece of the winter games. Crowned by an elevator-serviced restaurant and observation deck, the structure was to be the Olympic 90-meter ski jump.

There were only two problems with this proposal. The site selected for the tower juts wedge-like into the park's most scenic and popular wilderness area, where, by law, "the imprint of man's work" is to be kept "substantially unnoticeable." And like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, the new jump would loom over abolitionist John Brown's pastoral grave site and farmhouse, preserved as a National Historic site a quarter-mile to the south and heretofore untouched by any obvious signs of the 20th century other than an asphalt access road and a small monument. The multimillion-dollar cost of the huge tower was not a problem since Congress had already allocated $50 million for Olympic construction.

WHY A 26-STORY tower in the middle of the Adirondacks? "In a town of three or four thousand people it's only natural that the Olympic movers are the business leaders," according to an Organizing Committee member. "You couldn't have an Olympics here without taking the business people to run it." And run it they do. The owner of the local Holiday Inn, the area's most prominent real-estate dealer, the town's only hardware and construction materials supplier, the proprietor of one of Placid's largest motels, two past presidents of the local chamber of commerce, and numerous other businessmen sit on the organizing committee. Many of them "are making a killing off the Olympics," as one resident put it, simply by virtue of the surge in tourism and construction that the Olympic games bring with them. Also included on the committee are the mayor, the town supervisor (who won two gold medals in speed skating in 1932), and a fiery-tongued local policeman who recently joined the Methodist ministry.

Placid's leading entrepreneurs and civic boosters wanted a ski jump that would both symbolize and advertise their village's emerging status as "*the* winter sports community." A spokes-

Selling the Olympics

The Lake Placid games will be "sponsored" by 74 American corporations eager to bask in the wholesome, patriotic glow generated by the Olympics. The 74 include well-known consumer-product companies like Coca-Cola and Bristol-Myers and firms like Diapulse Corporation that are little-known outside their own industries. All pay fees ranging from $50,000 to $1.5 million for the right to use the logo of the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee in corporate advertising—including advertising at the Olympic site.

In lieu of a fee, some companies serve as official suppliers to the U.S. Olympic team. Mobil Oil, for example, will provide gasoline for all vehicles used by the Americans; and at Moscow next summer, Levi-Strauss will clothe the entire team in two Levi's suits—an "indoor" and an "outdoor"—for ceremonial occasions.

The U.S. Olympic Committee (USOC) has its own list of corporate sponsors, but its officials rebuff questions about who's on the list and how much they contribute. Art Kuman, the man in charge of USOC corporate fund-raising, asserts that it's nobody else's business who puts money into the Olympics: This national enterprise is now a private matter between its organizers and their corporate patrons. And after all, he adds deferentially, "The corporations might not want this information released." Kuman does admit that the minimum contribution is $50,000.

In defending corporate sponsorship, both the U.S. and Lake Placid committees raise the specter of government subsidy as an alternative.

"You know what *that* means," says Sergio Mendes, Lake Placid's marketing director. "A tax!" What the corporate connection means, however, is ever-greater commercialization of Olympic games held in this country. Nineteen eighty marks the first real effort to line up commercial sponsors, so you can imagine what's on the way. (People like Mendes are already talking about the "untapped potential" for on-site advertising.) As corporate ad managers prepare their Olympic bids for 1988 or '92, they can almost hear the public address system blaring sweetly, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Olympic games, brought to you by ...."

Among the 74 "official suppliers and sponsors" (and the product or service they are donating) for the 1980 Winter Olympics: Advent Corp. (television sets), Airwick Industries (room deodorants), American Broadcasting Co. (free commercials), Chiquita Brands, Inc. (bananas), Electrolux (vacuum cleaners), Irving Trust Co. (banking services), Lexicon Corp. (hand-held translators), Seco Industries (mops), Simmons Company (2,000 mattresses for the Olympic Village), U.S. Tobacco (chewing tobacco). **R.M.W.**

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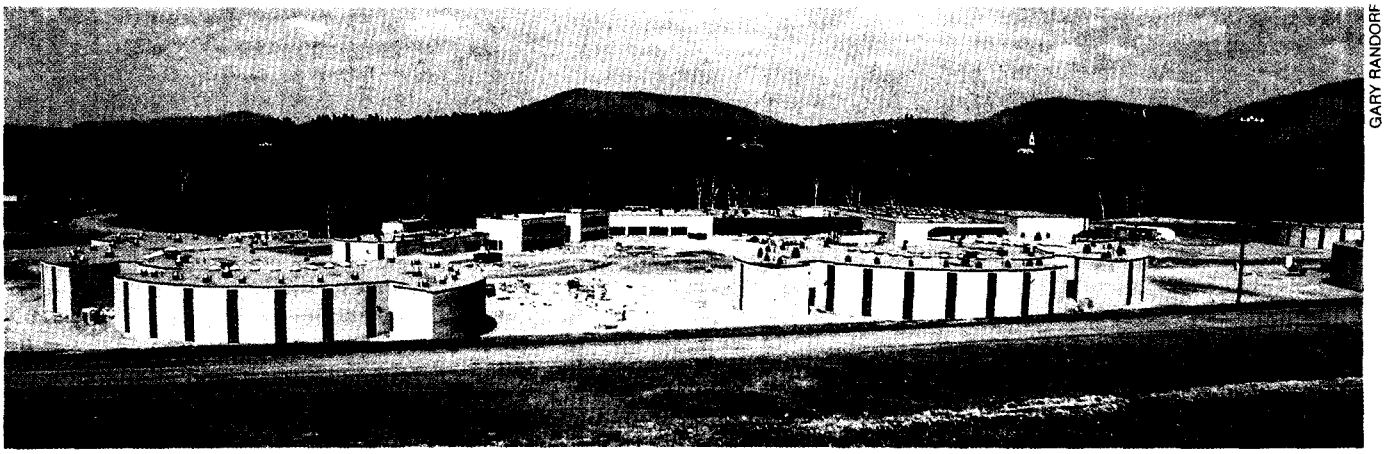

GARY RANDORF

The Olympic Village will be converted to a federal medium-security prison after the games.

man proudly noted that the tower would stand only 35 feet shorter than the Statue of Liberty, a fitting tribute to Placid's $50-$100 million collection of new sports facilities.

The park's preservationists, however, viewed the ski jump in a different light. To them, Lake Placid had always been the scenic gateway to the high peaks, an unobtrusive collection of inns, motels, and stores from which to behold the mountains. They saw in the 26-story ski jump a major reversal of this relationship. For the first time, and in a dramatic and permanent way, Lake Placid was going to impose its personality upon the wilderness.

The Adirondack Park Agency decided to hold quasi-judicial hearings on the committee's application. An impartial attorney was hired to act as "hearing officer," and three groups formally entered the hearings as concerned parties: the Sierra Club, the Adirondack Council (environmentalist organizations frequently involved in Adirondack litigation), and the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (the state agency responsible for managing the park's state-owned lands).

Midway through the hearings, the Department of Environmental Conservation produced blueprints for an alternate ski jump that would not be a tall tower, would not contain a restaurant and tourist observation deck, and would not loom over wilderness lands. (The blueprints called for the jump to be built at an abandoned ski facility a 20-minute drive northeast of Lake Placid, just past the Olympic downhill ski trails.) The Olympic Organizing Committee responded by stating that it would not even consider building or operating the alternate ski jump. If the park agency were to give it a choice between the alternate ski jump and no ski jump, the organizing committee would choose no jump. Period.

The Olympic committee had put its cards face down on the table and was betting every last chip in its possession. As the hearing officer explained, "No jump, no Olympics." What the hearing officer did not explain was obvious to anyone familiar with the park agency's tenuous hold on life: No Olympics, no park agency.

"The Organizing Committee was so determined to have its tall tower that it threatened to abandon the Olympics and thereby to kill the park agency if it did not get what it wanted," according to Samuel Sage, the executive director of the Sierra Club's Atlantic chapter. "The loss of the Olympics could have been just what the agency's foes needed to convince the swing votes in the legislature to abolish the agency." Or was the committee's threat to abandon the Olympics merely a skillful bluff?

The Sierra Club and the other parties urged the park agency to call the Organizing Committee's bluff. "We argued that the agency is bound by law to preserve wilderness lands from man-made intrusions, and that the ski jump would be an intrusion of unprecedented size into the park's best-loved wilderness, the high peaks," Sage said. "The agency's statute also calls upon it to protect historic resources, such as John Brown's farm, from unnecessary degradation. An alternative site for the jump had been demonstrated. We felt the legal case for refusing permission could not have been stronger."

But the Olympic Organizing Committee had raised the stakes so high that the park agency could no longer afford to stay in the game. On January 10, 1977, the Adirondack Park Agency voted to grant the necessary permit. The vote was 6 to 4, with one member abstaining.

The new ski jumps were completed in December of 1978. Because of design changes, the 90-meter tower now stands over 28 stories high, not 26 as originally proposed. It is perpetually lit with an airplane warning light and on some nights is bathed in floodlights.

John Brown's farm has taken the worst beating. One of the farm's closest neighbors says, "This place used to be unique. Nothing like it anywhere in the country, with the old farmhouse and the mountains popping up all around. But now...." He leaves the sentence unfinished and shakes his head in despair. Now he wants to leave Lake Placid, which he feels has been ruined by "that boondoggle, porkbarrel, and circus," the winter Olympics.

FROM THE moment the first spadeful of dirt flew through the air, Olympic construction has been a race against time. Environmentalists could have killed the games several times over by filing lawsuits that would have delayed construction. "All it takes is a lawyer and a typewriter," warned the agency's hearing officer.

The park's usually litigious environmentalists reluctantly stayed their lawyers. They did so not out of respect for the Olympics, which Innsbruck was ready to host again anyway, but because the central Adirondack region desperately needs jobs. The area's tourist-oriented economy suffers from the worst seasonal unemployment in New York State.

Until recently, few questioned the Olympic committee's predictions that the Olympics would bring prosperity to this mini-Appalachia, pumping tens of millions of dollars into the local economy. In fact, over $100 million were spent during 1977 and 1978. The Economic Development Administration of the U.S. Department of Commerce spent $50 million on the ski jump, new speed-skating rink, 10,000-seat fieldhouse, administration facilities, and other structures. The U.S. Bureau of Prisons spent $22 million constructing the Olympic Village. The state of New

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York spent $40 million preparing the downhill ski trails, highways, and other projects. The organizing committee has requested and is now receiving an additional $11 million from Washington, bringing the total to $124 million from state and federal taxpayers' pockets to underwrite this winter Olympics.

The overwhelming number of Olympic construction contracts were awarded to contractors outside the park, who went to their usual hiring halls—outside the park—to find workers. During peak construction months, hundreds of workers poured into Lake Placid. Some commuted an hour and a half each way, others rented rooms in town. Figures obtained from the Economic Development Administration (EDA) part way through the construction boom showed that most Olympic construction workers came from Plattsburgh, Glens Falls, Saratoga, and similar population centers outside the park and relatively free of tourist-industry unemployment swings.

Local workers complained to the newspapers. One expressed his anger by spray-painting "BULLSHIT" across the face of an EDA sign (in front of the ski jump) that proclaimed "Jobs for Your Community." They saw themselves as the victims of a cruel hoax.

"We have such a dispersed labor pool in the Adirondacks that it should have come as no surprise that park residents would find few construction jobs," says a local attorney who represents real estate developers. "We simply don't have a construction force."

Construction jobs were not the only economic benefit promised. Because the area's worst unemployment is in the winter (summer is the peak tourist season), proponents of a Lake Placid Olympics believed that the improved winter sports facilities would dampen seasonal employment fluctuations by attracting more visitors in the winter.

According to Dr. Fredric Menz, associate professor of economics at Clarkson College in Potsdam, the reverse will occur. Menz reviewed the demographic projections prepared for the EDA by a consulting firm as part of the environmental impact study required for federally funded projects. He concluded that the Olympics and their attendant publicity will worsen seasonal population fluctuations over the next 15 years. "The summer population increase is projected to be 2 to 3 times the increase in winter seasonal population. This will lead to worsened seasonal unemployment rates."

At the same time that Placid's chronically unemployed were watching outsiders gobble up the lucrative construction jobs, they learned they would have to shoulder the burden of the Olympics' cost overruns. An EDA report issued in July of 1978 projected that there would be a $12-$25 million budget shortfall *even if* the organizing committee were to receive all the additional federal funds it has requested. The report predicts "severe consequences" for the local population when attempts are made to close the budget gap through increased taxes or a bond issue. Dr. Menz speculates that "at a 10 percent interest rate, service on a $10 million overrun would necessitate a 35-40 percent increase in the current local tax rate." It was not until

JIM DUMONT

The Olympics are likely to raise Placid's seasonal unemployment.

1963 that local taxpayers retired the debt incurred by hosting the far less grandiose 1932 Olympics.

WHILE THE LOCAL community staggers under the burden of the new facilities, the facilities themselves may prove no less unsteady. Two licensed professional engineers responsible for Olympic safety inspections claim that the 10,000-seat fieldhouse stands "better than a 1 in a 100 chance" of collapsing, perhaps even during the games as a hockey match occurs within. They also claim there is a 1 in 10 chance that the roof will partially collapse.

The two engineers, David Evans and Michael Oliver, have a combined experience of over 20 years in the construction business. In April of 1979, after over a year of raising safety complaints within the EDA bureaucracy, they held a press conference. "That was the only way we could get some action," they said. They listed 24 structural defects in the fieldhouse.

Oliver was fired within hours after the press conference. Evans, a civil service employee, is still on the payroll.

Both engineers claim that the general contractor, Gilbane Building Company of Providence, Rhode Island, is responsible for the safety problems. Gilbane's project manager is Ramon Lopez. "Lopez wants to get the Olympics done on time regardless of the damage to the environment, the safety of the workers, the safety of the public, or cost overruns," Evans says. "If he can say he got the Olympics done on time, he's in seventh heaven." Although no fault has been assigned to them, the Gilbane people also worked on the Hartford Civic Center, which collapsed. At a news conference held shortly after the one called by Evans and Oliver, Lopez denied each of the two engineers' charges. Lopez claims that an independent engineer's report, not released to the public, proves that the fieldhouse is free of defects.

Oliver worked primarily at the athletes' housing site (the future prison), where he uncovered flagrant violations of the fire safety provisions of the New York Building Code. These violations are now being remedied. He also reported a $20,000 contract that was approved by federal authorities, even though the work had already been performed under a separate contract. "Political horse-trading" was the explanation he received from EDA officials in Washington. Federal law enforcement officials are now investigating Oliver's charge. "There are no routine inspections up here at all," according to Evans, "even though the federal grants require them." He blames federal lassitude on the Olympics' "motherhood and apple pie" reputation.

Evans and Oliver believe that their whistle-blowing will lead to correction of the major safety problems. But "should the federal government be paying for faulty design or faulty construction?" asks Oliver. "The American taxpayer ultimately pays for this."

"I think we should have killed the damn Olympics when we had the chance," one Lake Placid resident and Sierra Club member said recently. "The Olympic Committee promised us they would do everything they could to avoid environmental problems. Where has it done anything that was environmentally *right*? Working people in this town have nothing to thank it for either. Most people here wish we had killed the Olympics. I'm sure John Brown would have wanted us to. It's a damn shame we didn't."

James Allan Dumont, a member of the executive committee of the Atlantic chapter of the Sierra Club, is writing a novel about the Adirondacks.

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Forty Years of Strife

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

As with any unwieldy and vastly popular world spectacle, the Olympic games are vulnerable to a full quiver of critical arrows. There are those who claim the games have become "too commercial"—though Mammon would be pleased—while others question the wisdom of spending billions for new Olympic sports complexes as cities everywhere grind to a financially overextended, industrially polluted, culturally deprived halt.

But perhaps the critics are naive and sentimental in subscribing to the ideals of amateurism and simplicity. After all, the true victor in horse-and-chariot races of the ancient Olympics was not the rider or driver but the man who owned and paid for the training of the horse or team—the franchise owner, as we would call him today. The victorious athlete was the recipient of more than one "gift" from his city's proud and grateful establishment.

A major Olympic ideal of the ancient Greeks held, according to Pindar, the poet of victory odes, that "success for the striver washes away the despair of striving. Wealth elaborate with virtue brings opportunity for various deeds; it shoulders the cruel depth of care, star bright, man's truest radiance." In other words, there is no greater honor than lavishing time, money, and hard work on an achievement with no military or economic advantage.

What throws deep shadows over the Olympics is the intrusion of ideological struggle—and then, by extension, warfare—into the games supposedly preserved for peaceful competition. The Olympics have begun to partake of the insanity of this century of total politics, where Soviet athletes "show to the entire world the triumph of the personality liberated by socialism" *(Pravda)* and where U.S. Olympic president Douglas MacArthur said in *The Story of the Olympic Games* that "nothing is more synonymous of our national success than is our national success in athletics."

As politics have become pervasive, as battles have been carried farther away from battlefields, to the very heart of civilian populations, so the lines between warfare and propaganda have become smudged. No one can quite define any longer where international politics leave off and international sports competitions begin. A dark side has moved in on the games like a shadow across the sun. No longer can we—and by this I mean the Americans, who helped initiate the practice during the Cold War—simply match medals and "unofficial" team scores against our rivals. It is a mistake to think, after Munich, that symbols are harmless, that symbolic acts cannot kill. For as the North Korean gold-medal winner in marksmanship, Ho Jun Li, explained to the world at Munich, "Before we left, our prime minister told us to shoot as if we were fighting against our enemies, and that's what I did."

PHOTOS BY KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Munich Olympics, 1972. Top: Flags at half mast for the 11 slain Israeli athletes. Center: German soldier with submachine gun. Bottom: Jewish woman crying for the victims of the Black September raid.

Most Olympic officials hew to the organization line that pronounces their activity about politics. But Mme. Monique Berlioux, a no-nonsense Swiss who is said to be seeking the International Olympic Committee presidency, points to decades-old examples of how the two were joined. "In 1912, when Bohemian athletes marched under their own flag it caused a big row; the Czechs wanted the Bohemians with *them*. In 1920, the first Olympics after World War I, the Germans weren't allowed to take part—were 'not invited,' in IOC language."

In 1936, it may be recalled, Americans split over whether U.S. participation would grant legitimacy to the host regime. It was also the year when Spain's team was withdrawn on the eve of the opening because civil war had broken out in Spain and when Brazil's political factions, also on the verge of bloodshed, sent rival "national" teams.

But more than anything, 1936 is remembered for Jesse Owens's heroic yet symbolic defeat of Aryan mythology, when he crushed four world records before Herr Hitler's eyes. Forty-three years later, revisionist historians say that Hitler's famed exit stemmed not from the Fuehrer's indignation, but from his need to keep another appointment.

Less well recalled now, however, is the American officials' ignominious dropping of Jewish sprinters Sam Stoller and Marty Glickman (later to gain renown as a sports broadcaster) from the U.S. 400-meter relay team, a bow to Nazi anti-Semitism defended at the time with a strained argument about bolstering American chances in the relay against fascist Italy and the Germans. But between the Berlin games, where the ideological struggle remained entirely

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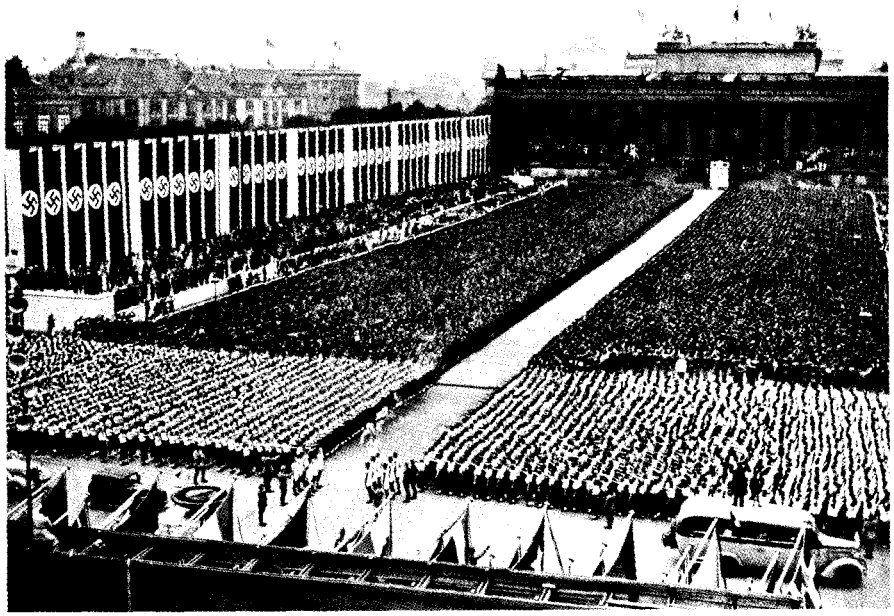

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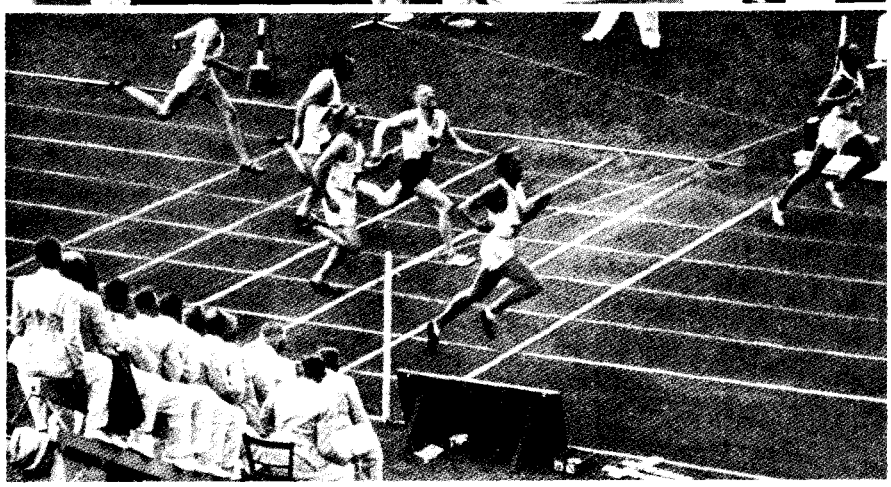

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

A dark history of the Olympics, clockwise from the top: Opening ceremonies (Berlin, 1936). American medalists give the black-power salute (Mexico City, 1968). Jesse Owens wins the 100-meter dash (Berlin, 1936). Hungarian injured in water polo game against the Russians (Melbourne, 1956).

symbolic, and the Munich games 36 years later, where an act of warfare occurred, there is no real discontinuity; while the means had changed, the ends remained the same.

By the time of the Helsinki games of 1952, when the USSR emerged from its isolation to participate for the first time, the pattern was well set. In the eyes of the world, the Olympics were nothing less than a Cold War proving grounds. The political dance stepping began when the Nationalist Chinese withdrew because Communist China was invited to participate; in the end, the Communists could not reach Helsinki in time.

By the games' midpoint, the USSR formally asked the Congress of International Athletic Federations to recognize national team totals in an attempt to legitimize the blatant nationalism. To its credit, the federation voted down the move. The Soviets, however, continued to post the team scores at their headquarters, while the *New York Times* spoke of "maximum effort and peak production... to balk a Red propaganda victory."

For every Olympics since American television coverage began, we've become more accustomed to the idea that the U.S. and USSR are competing for an overall team championship. Practically nothing could be farther from the true idea of the Olympics, where, yes, an athlete *does* represent his or her country, but only as an individual.

The 1956 games took place in Melbourne, Australia, but a dark history would have to record them as the "Hungarian Rebellion" Olympics—or the "Suez Crisis" games. Before the competitions even got under way, Egypt, Lebanon, and Iraq had withdrawn in protest against the Suez seizure, while Spain, Switzerland, and the Netherlands boycotted to protest Russia's Hungarian redecorating. As for China, that year it was the Communists' turn to boycott. They withdrew because the Nationalists were invited. And Argentina was for a time formally excluded, after the military imprisoned the head of the Argentine Olympic Committee because he was a *Peronista*.

On a similar level of foolishness, 28 African nations boycotted the 1976 Montreal games because New Zealand rugby teams had played matches against South Africa. Rugby is no more an Olympic sport than Peronism.

The Melbourne games themselves were not untainted: The Soviet diving judges badly "low-scored" American divers until a formal complaint was filed; and then, in the water-polo championships between Hungary and the Soviets, a Russian player assaulted Ervin Zador of Hungary, leaving him gushing blood from a deep wound under his right eye. In a minute, Hungarian refugees in the crowd were rioting at poolside, and the

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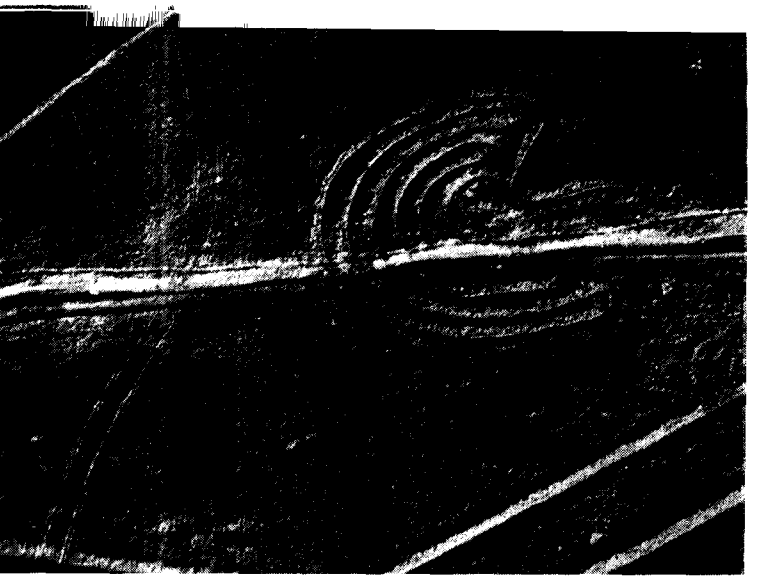
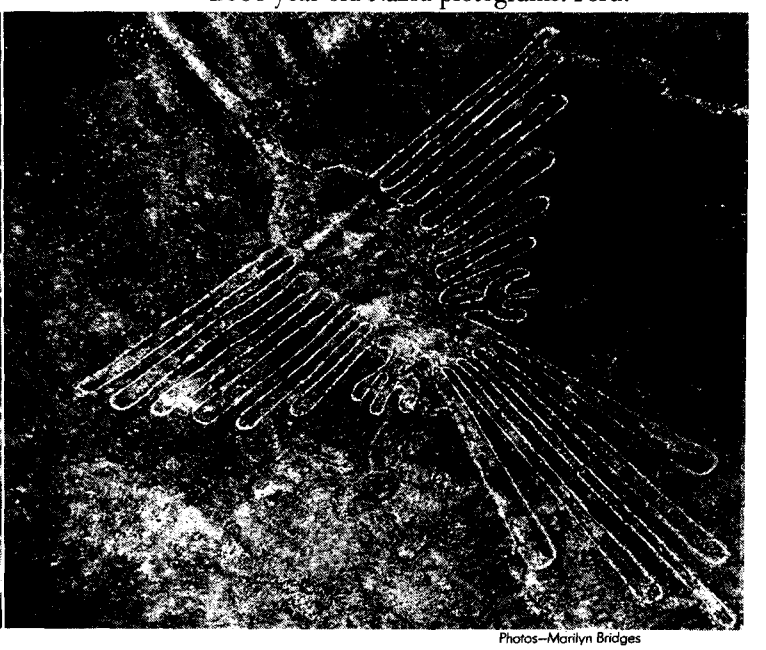
Aerial photography from 300 meters.



2000 year old Nazca pictograms: Peru.



Photos—Marilyn Bridges

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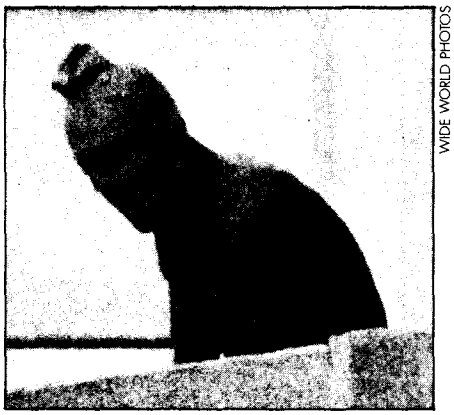
referee quickly terminated the game. Hungary was victorious, by the way, 4-0.

And so it has gone from one Olympics to another—boycotts, withdrawals, political grudge matches. As a prelude to Munich, the Mexico City games of 1968 narrowly missed utter political devastation. If we could only read events like sacred texts or predict the future like the ancient oracles, we'd have known that disaster was closing in.

Early in that Olympic year, American militants had tried to organize a boycott by black athletes to protest conditions of American blacks in athletics and out. Ironically, one of their demands was that Muhammad Ali, who had been stripped of his heavyweight crown because of his problems with the draft, be reinstated. We had come a long way since Cassius Clay, bursting with ego, had insisted on striding through Times Square in his American Olympic uniform after winning a gold medal in 1960.

As the proposed boycott fizzled, a threatened international boycott over South Africa replaced it in the headlines. The apartheid state had been excluded from the 1964 Tokyo games, but after an official investigation showing that South Africa intended to integrate its Mexico City team, the IOC voted for reinstatement. The political flames fanned, and all of Africa and most of the Third World withdrew, with the Eastern bloc threatening to join the walkout. The IOC eventually danced to the tune of pragmatism, barring South Africa. (A few years later, it would also expel Rhodesia.) Yet the Mexico City Olympiad will always be remembered as the games where Tommie Smith and John Carlos, having placed first and third in the 200-meter dash, raised their gloved fists in the black-power salute during the playing of the American national anthem.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Hooded Arab terrorist seizing Olympic quarters of the Israelis (Munich, 1972).

That protest was less an indictment of the U.S. than an affirmation of its capacities for dissent and change. Nevertheless, the image of political intrusion, circling the globe by satellite, seemed to symbolize the fact that no longer was the ideological antagonism confined to the U.S. and the USSR. New elements had been added—the Third World and Middle East Olympic participants, with their catastrophic cocktail of athletics and terrorism.

Who can forget Munich? Or rather, who can remember Munich other than the Black September raid on the Olympic Village, the slaying of 11 Israeli athletes, the brutal vanquishing of Olympic ideals, the ultimate conquest of the age of total politics? The Palestinian action seemed to cry out: "If there is no victory for us, there can be no peace for anyone, anywhere, any time. We prefer to bring civilization down with us." They treated with total contempt the Greek ideal that some part of the world must be declared off limits to the dark and brutal side of history. Through all those tense 24 hours, as the Bren guns faced outward from the stylish balconies of the Olympic Village, cabinets conferred and demands were reiterated, not once did the terrorists attempt to justify their action.

To the guerillas, the Olympics had become merely another theater of war, no more sacred than an Israeli military installation—or an international airport.

Perhaps old Avery Brundage, that crusty champion of amateurism and Olympic sanctity, put it best when he said: "In ancient days, nations stopped war to compete in the games. Nowadays we stop the Olympics to continue our wars." In the age of total politics, there are no safe-conduct passes. What has changed isn't the Olympics, but the world in which the games take place. ◉

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

In this and forseeable ages, the Olympics will always be subjected to political pressures. But the pressures can be significantly reduced—if Olympic officials will concede that they exist and take bold steps to deal with them. At least three structural reforms are worth consideration:

1. De-emphasize the team (i.e., national) aspects of the games. While Olympic officials insist that the competition is solely among individuals, they nonetheless organize opening ceremonies that resound with nationalistic fervor. Athletes now march in national groups, with flags waving. Instead, group the athletes by sport, so that, for instance, all gymnasts enter the stadium together. Officials should also consider abolishing "team" housing and letting athletes from different nations share dorm facilities. In addition, at medal presentations, why not dispense with the playing of the gold-medal winner's national anthem?

2. Impose sanctions on countries that stage political boycotts. This idea was floated at a recent meeting of the IOC. As presented, the plan would bar from a certain number of future games any nation that abandoned its commitment to send a team; for example, if Politoland pulled out of the 1984 games at the last minute, because its bitterest rival was coming, it could be ruled ineligible in '88 and '92. The proposal has a practical as well as an idealistic merit: Olympic planning is a monumental task for the host country, and if a nation knew it would be punished for disrupting the plans out of political pique, pique might yield to participation.

3. Give the games a permanent home. For the summer games, where else but in Greece? And if not in Olympia, where they began, then in Athens. Permanent siting would dispense with the incessant and fractious hunt for the "next" Olympic locations. Not only is the hunt politically tainted, it has become increasingly difficult: Not many cities want the Olympics any more. The savings in construction costs would in itself make the move worthwhile. The Greeks, with contributions from all Olympic nations, could build the best facilities in the world—and know that they will be used in every Olympiad for years to come.

Permanent siting wins occasional support; a few years ago it was proposed by American basketball star Bill Bradley, who has since become a senator from New Jersey. The chief obstacle would seem to be the attitude of Third World nations who have never hosted the games and some day want to—even if it fractures the national budget. One solution might be to award the next two or three games to Third World locales, with the understanding that the competition will thereafter take place exclusively at *the* Olympic site. Granted it would be more difficult for sports enthusiasts, other than Greeks, to attend Olympic events; television, as we'll all see from Moscow next summer, makes a quite acceptable substitute. — **R.M.W.**

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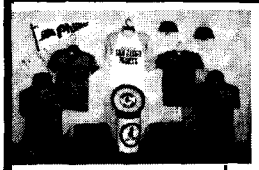

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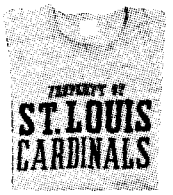

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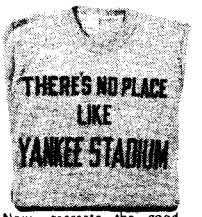

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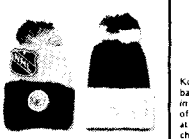

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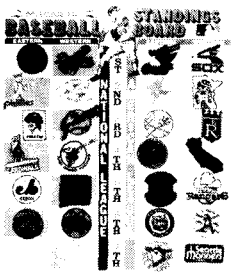

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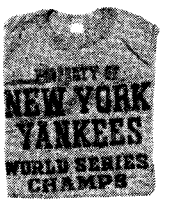

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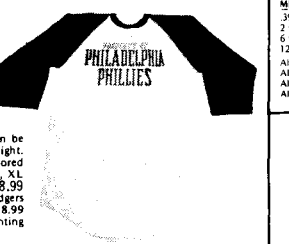

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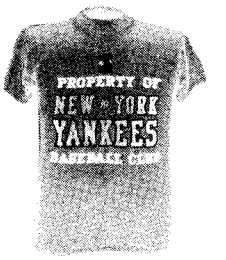

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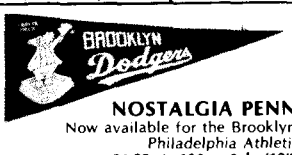

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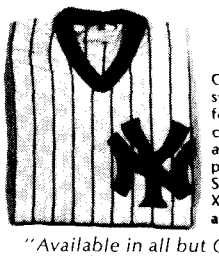

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CULTURE VULTURES

by Bonnie Burnham

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

This cast of Bronco Buster *(ca. 1905) is, like all the others, potentially a "hit" item.*

THIS IS THE museum age, in which national attendance of cultural institutions exceeds attendance of our three leading sports—baseball, football, and basketball—combined. It is also the age in which the theft of cultural treasures has become a fact of life. In the last year in the United States, there have been no less than 15 museum thefts of a magnitude that used to occur once in a decade.

Consider that since February 1978 U.S. institutions have suffered two thefts involving sculptures by Rodin, Remington, and German 17th-century artists from the new St. Louis Art Museum; the theft and attempted ransoming of a Picasso painting from the Rochester Memorial Art Gallery by a repeated criminal offender; the theft of three paintings by Monet from the Santa Barbara Museum of Art by the museum's chief of security; the daring break-in at the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco, which netted the Rembrandt *Rabbi* and three other Dutch Old Master paintings; the mysterious disappearance of three Cézannes from a closet in the Art Institute of Chicago; five separate thefts of paintings by Frederic Remington and Charles Russell from museums in Oklahoma, Colorado, and Montana; the theft, during visiting hours, of a Greek head from the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the loss—unreported in the media—of an important antiquity from a major museum in the Northeast; and the lifting of six paintings from a truck in New York returning works that had been lent to a museum exhibition in Oklahoma City.

A rise in burglaries and robberies from commercial galleries and important private collections is as troubling. Between December 1978 and February 1979, at least 33 New York galleries were "hit" by a team of thieves who lifted an estimated $300,000 in small, portable antiques before being arrested.

Art theft is now regarded as "epidemic," and art has even been cited as second only to drugs as the world's most trafficked illicit merchandise. This idea is difficult to grasp. If such an increased volume of art is being stolen, where is it going? Who is doing it, and how does this trend affect the legitimate art market? Is stolen art lurking around every Madison Avenue corner? Are thieves at this moment fingering their favorite treasures in our major museums? Are operators sitting around a conference table somewhere, contemplating a pin-stuck map, planning their next heist?

Police deny that art theft is carried out according to program and adhere to the theory of supply and demand. Interviewed in 1977, French police commissioner André Granier, the ranking official in charge of art recovery in France, said: "Personally, I do not believe in an international, European, or national organization. There are not even gangs of painting thieves. They are regular crooks, with ample criminal records. Not intellectuals, not dilettantes. Why the theft of paintings? Because it's in style. There is a demand; it pays off. There was a 'narcotics cycle'; now it's works of art."

Art theft is in style. The world is talking, thinking, and writing about art theft, and this fact in itself seems to contribute to an evolving pattern of events that, while they may not amount to conspiracy, do seem to manifest a striking intelligibility.

There seems to be a kind of domino effect linking the theft of certain kinds of objects. If one examines recent art-theft records, it is surprising to see how frequently certain names crop up. Picasso, Rembrandt, Cézanne are major targets, presumably because of their great aesthetic importance and acknowledged value. But one also sees repeated incidents involving Art Nouveau glass, contemporary-artist prints, paintings by

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van de Velde and the obscure Dutch 19th-century artists Verboeckhoven and Koekkoek, and works by American Western artists Remington and Russell.

There is not much evidence that these thefts are consciously commissioned. It seems more likely that they are the result of a haphazard selection process. One of the most interesting examples of this is how, in the last few years, paintings and sculptures by Remington have become "hit" items.

In 1973, a popular bronze by Remington, entitled *Bronco Buster*, was stolen from St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York. In March 1976, a second *Bronco Buster* was stolen from the home of a doctor in Cleveland.

In December 1976, burglars broke into a Chicago auction gallery on the night before a major sale, making off with, among other works, a Remington painting entitled *Indian on Horseback*. Two more Remington bronzes were taken from antiques dealer Lillian Nassau in New York in February 1977: an Indian on horseback, *Cheyenne*, and another *Bronco Buster*.

In January and February of 1978, the St. Louis Art Museum suffered two break-ins at its new building in Forest Park. In the first of these thefts, four statues were stolen, the most valuable of which was the *Bronco Buster*. In April of 1978, the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma, joined the ranks of the Remington-robbed when it lost a *Portrait of Sitting Bull*.

Intelligence on stolen art seems to move actively through the underground, jeopardizing the security of cultural treasures whose importance comes, in a random way, to the attention of the criminal milieu.

The Cleveland theft may have provided just such a focus on works by Remington. Following this domestic burglary, the stolen merchandise passed to a fence. There, the Remington was no doubt identified as a valuable item. It was offered back to the owner for a ransom; the owner passed the offer on to his insurance company. The company's dealings with the criminals foundered when a question arose over whether the Remington was indeed the same cast stolen from the doctor.

With this failure, the bronze seems to have gone on the underground market. It was offered to federal agents conducting an anti-fencing operation in New Jersey and Washington. It was also available on the market in St. Louis and Chicago; the sculpture eventually disappeared, and so presumably was sold.

The Remingtons taken from Lillian Nassau were netted a few months later in another federally funded anti-fencing operation in New York. This pseudo-fence recovered $8 million in stolen goods (of which the two Remingtons were the most valuable single items), and was responsible for 324 convictions, including the conviction of a criminal described as the "biggest underworld fence in Queens."

There seems to be little coincidence, then, in the fact that a few months later, the three men, wearing ski masks, who broke into the St. Louis Art Museum headed straight for the Remington *Bronco Buster*. The alarm summoned the police, but the burglars managed to escape before they arrived. Possibly as an afterthought, they seized three 17th-century German statues.

COURTESY OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Madame Cézanne in a Yellow Chair *(1890–94) already was one.*

John Crenshaw, a transient laborer, was arrested a few weeks later and confessed to the thefts (and to a later heist at the same museum). His suspected accomplices were found several months later—murdered. Crenshaw claimed that the theft had been masterminded by Russell Byers, who had commissioned him to steal and paid him $700 for the theft. The police raided Byers's home, finding several hundred thousand dollars worth of stolen art and antiques. The Art Museum sculptures (seven pieces in all) were not there, but the police recovered them on an anonymous tip received immediately after Byers's arrest. (The Remington *Bronco Buster* was retrieved from a Good Will box.) But Crenshaw refused to testify against Byers, and so charges against Byers were dropped.

The police were never able to resolve the intriguing question of whether Byers was acting alone or operating on commission for a "brain." However, Byers's name did surface again, circumstantially, following the recent theft of three Cézanne paintings from the Art Institute of Chicago. As reported in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, a Chicago-based associate of Byers—who had once been an art and antiques dealer in St. Louis and was rumored to have been a "conduit" in the theft of the Remington bronze—was now being questioned for a possible connection to the Chicago Art Institute theft. The Chicago contact was a near neighbor of Nick Pace, the suspected Art Institute thief, who had been working at the museum at the time of the robbery. Though not then charged, Pace resigned from the Art Institute rather than take a polygraph test following the break-in. His apartment was searched, and in it were found some supplies lifted from the museum and a short story he'd written about a dramatic museum heist. But no Cézannes. (Later, in May, Pace surrendered the Cézannes to museum officials.)

Roving gangs, at the beck and call of a mastermind, or established fences? The latter seems more likely. Whatever the case, more intensive museum security and a decrease in the pleasure of viewing art will probably result.

The one fact art owners can capitalize on in their efforts to protect their collections is that art is too readily identifiable, too valuable, and too difficult to conceal ever to become a staple currency of the underworld. Of the four stolen *Bronco Busters*, three were recovered; of the six Russell paintings stolen, four were recovered. If an art theft is reported to authorities, and photographs of the stolen works are widely circulated, the probability that the work will surface seems to increase. Contrary to frequently quoted statistics, the recovery rate of well-documented works is high, probably exceeding 50 percent.

A stolen Picasso is first a Picasso, a stolen Remington is a Remington: a unique object, highly prized by lovers of art, readily recognized as cherished common property by law-enforcement officers. If this fact seems to increase the vulnerability of art to future attacks by thieves and vandals, it also constitutes its strongest defense.

Bonnie Burnham is the executive director of the International Foundation for Art Research which publishes the Art Theft Archive Newsletter. *Her latest book is* Art Theft: Its Scope, Its Impact, and Its Control *(1978).*

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Hunchback on Broadway

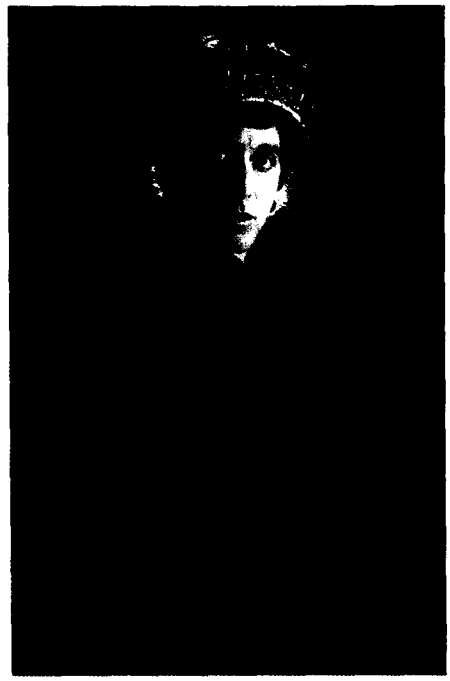
AL PACINO SPENT much of this past spring and summer on the stage of Broadway's Cort Theatre, playing *Richard III* to scornful critics and enthusiastic young audiences. Under ordinary circumstances, reviews and the enthusiasm and age of an audience are of no importance to me, but it is not ordinary for young audiences to be seen at Broadway plays, let alone Shakespeare. Nor is it ordinary, on the Broadway of today, for a film star to be appearing in a play, let alone Shakespeare. So Pacino's playing *Richard III* was an event.

Our actors are usually disloyal to the theater, once they succeed in movies. Stage actors have traditionally scoffed at film work as long as none was offered, but would leap at the first chance they got and would not return to the theater unless their film careers were faltering. One tends to forget that almost every major Hollywood film star has started on the stage, and except for the occasional few—the Fredric March or the Henry Fonda—whose love of the theater would bring them back regularly, the vast majority never return.

Marlon Brando, Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman, and Jon Voight were among our theater's finest talents; Barbra Streisand was a major star of Broadway musicals; James Dean, Faye Dunaway, and Robert De Niro were unproven but promising young stage actors; Robert Redford, Peter Falk, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Perkins were all well-known stage performers.

Once established in Hollywood, few of these actors return to the New York stage. Some have accepted limited stage engagements—years ago Paul Newman did, and more recently Dustin Hoffman and Anne Bancroft have; George C. Scott, Jason Robards, Richard Dreyfuss, and Jack Lemmon still do appear on Broadway. Others satisfy their yearnings for the stage by accepting incidental assignments in Los Angeles (Voight, Dunaway, Charlton Heston).

Pacino is the only actor who returns to the theater with regularity and devotion. His recent *Richard III* came only a few seasons after he'd played the title role of David Rabe's *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* on Broadway. What's more, Pacino originally did *Richard III* and Brecht's *Arturo Ui* six years ago, with the Theater Company of Boston. So, one could not even accuse him of seeking Broadway publicity.



MARTHA SWOPE

Pacino's monster man drew critics' contempt and young people's hurrahs.

Why then, does he risk criticism and possible failure? Certainly not for the money. No matter how high his Broadway salary or percentage, it cannot compare with what he makes on a movie. He's not returning to the New York stage to revive a troubled film career—which is what motivated Richard Burton to play a stint in *Equus* (he left the stage as soon as an offer to do it as a movie came). Pacino's movie career is not in trouble. And he's not in search of a play that could later become a film.

So plainly he returns to the stage simply because he loves it. His tremendous popularity as a movie star allows him to do this at will, for producers aren't shy with a box-office attraction. But what makes Pacino especially admirable is that he chooses plays that would not ordinarily get done on Broadway—plays that challenge his skills and an audience's mind. And he attracts audiences who would not otherwise see these plays. Those were young movie-goers flocking to his *Richard III*. So, he provides invaluable educational experience while showing these youngsters that the theater can be fun. We may resent that—does the theater need to be proven *fun*? But for the sake of attracting new audiences, education is imperative. Damn the pride.

It was plain thrilling to see young people filling the Cort Theatre for Pacino's *Richard III*, and refreshing to find them responding to the play and involving themselves in it. Unaccustomed to decorum and not blasé about Shakespeare, they joined in and entered the fray. Surely this is the way to instill love for the theater.

Of course his performance must be judged on artistic merit, irrespective of these social and educational benefits. Pacino is an inexperienced Shakespearean and not yet able to see beyond the surface aspects of his character. Though *Richard III* is an early and not great play of Shakespeare, with only one fleshed-out character, that character is one of the most striking ever to walk a stage. Pacino's reading was superficial, and he shamelessly grandstanded.

On the other hand, he was so comfortable with the verse that he treated it as human dialogue, which is something many Shakespearean actors never learn. And Pacino gave off so much energy that he electrified the stage as he prowled it restlessly, relentlessly. So his Richard, while a conventional monster man, was by no means a performance to be ashamed of, though many of New York's critics lambasted him for it.

Now frankly, much in the production deserved lambasting. It was in almost all ways mediocre, and Pacino will have to question his loyalty to his old friend David Wheeler, who was artistic director of the now-defunct Theater Company of Boston. Supporting Wheeler to the extent of engaging him for Broadway just hasn't worked out, not for *Pavlo Hummel* and not for *Richard III*. Without Pacino, this would have been strictly off-off Broadway. Still, I do think his detractors were carried away by the impulse to shoot down a star.

Pacino could have told abusive critics and the New York theater to bug off. He could fly back to Hollywood and make his millions just as his colleagues do. But if I read him correctly, and I hope I do, he knows and loves the theater too well to be distracted by some reviews; he knows just how much charisma and dumb luck are involved with movie stardom; and he knows just how much he has to learn about stage acting. I suspect he intends to learn it, and so for all these reasons my admiration for him is presently immense.

—Martin Gottfried

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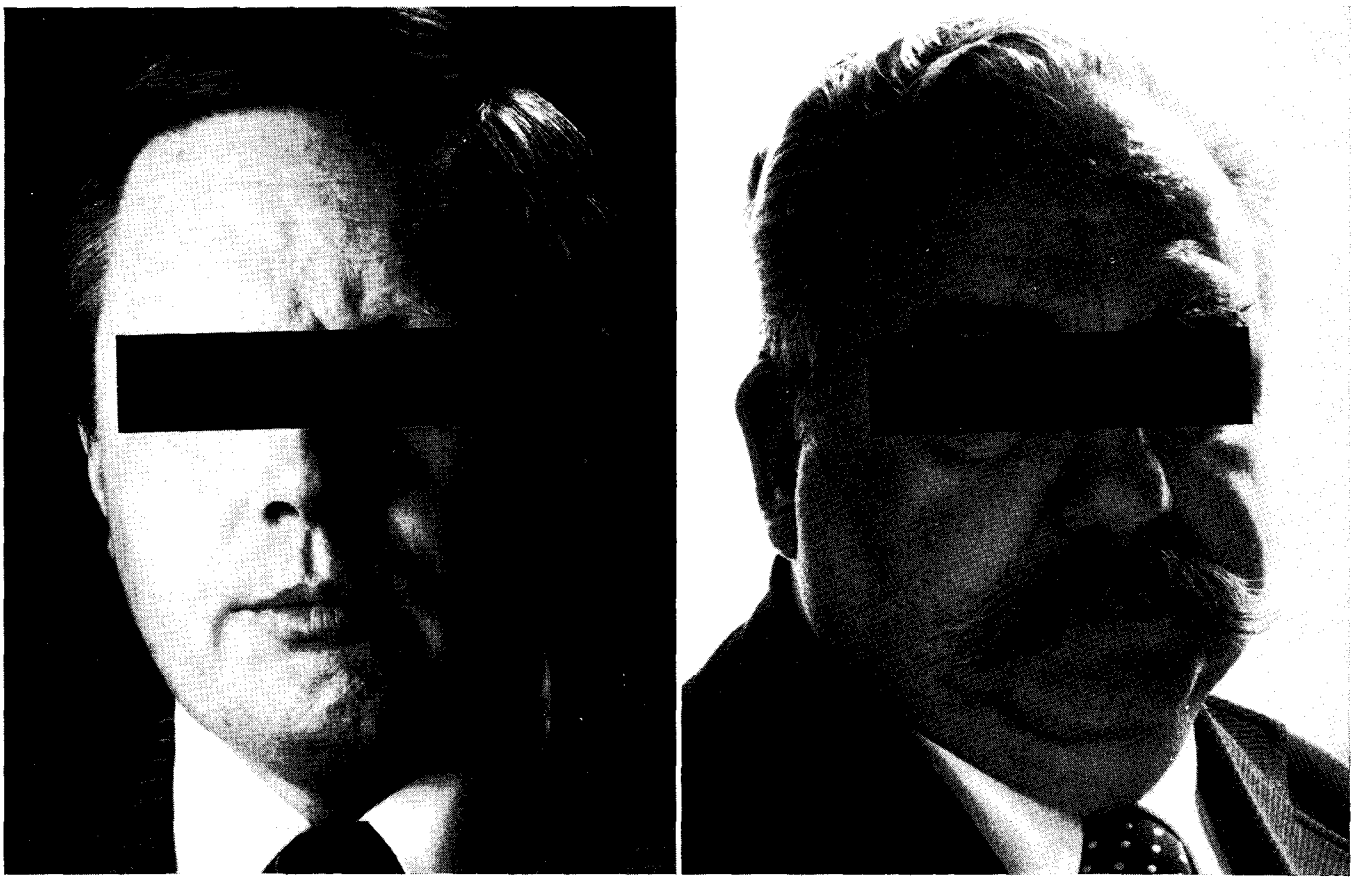

One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

He had a fire of a "suspicious" nature, but arson could not be proved. So, he was able to collect a substantial amount on his insurance. He turned his business loss into a profit for himself but into an additional expense for the insurance company and the policyholders.

Arson has become the "hottest" crime in the nation. Who are these arsonists? They range from small, one-time offenders, like the man on the left, to organized professional "torches." Many have found arson a profitable crime. Shocking! Even more shocking are the losses related to arson—700 lives and an estimated $1.6 billion in insured fire losses in 1977. When you consider lost jobs, property taxes and higher costs in consumer goods, the total economic loss is a staggering $10 billion!

We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money—approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires.
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud.
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel.
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register—a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson.
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level.

Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or fire marshal.
- Support efforts in your community to fight arson.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

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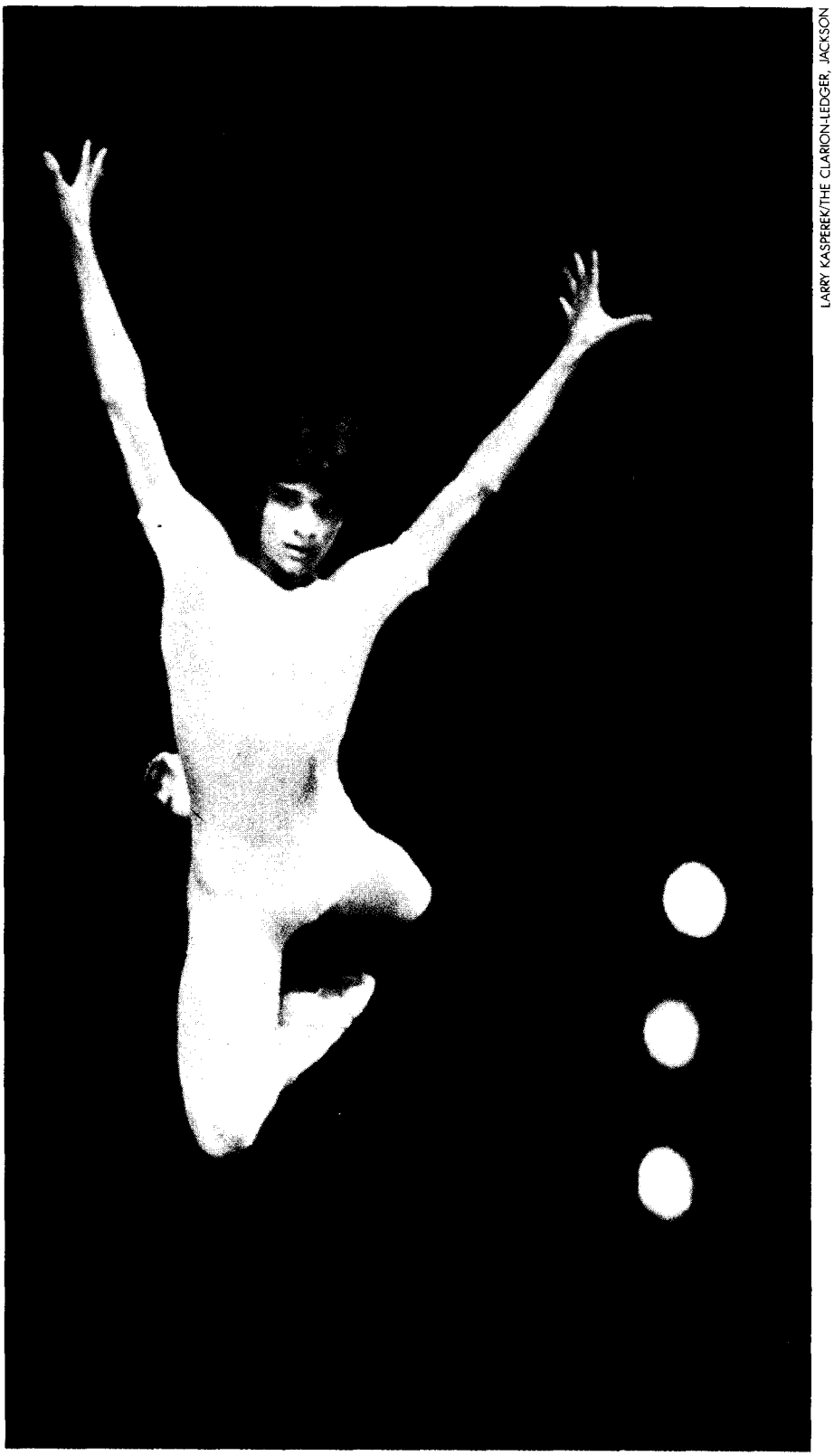
Ballet's Beaux and Belles

A BALLET COMPETITION and a performing arts festival, both of international complexion and of world stature, have taken root in the United States. Gian Carlo Menotti, the composer and founder (in 1958) of the Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, Italy, took almost 20 years to decide that Charleston, South Carolina, would be the other world (the third annual Spoleto Festival U.S.A. was held late this past spring). But it took only five years of planning and barely five months of actual organizational preparation to give America, this past June, its first International Ballet Competition in Jackson, Mississippi.

The Executive Committee of the International Ballet Competition, Inc., modeling its enterprise on the International Ballet Competition in Varna, Bulgaria (established in 1964), formulated the competition rules, screened all applications from contestants, and selected and invited jurors from 13 nations. The committee engaged instructors in various schools of ballet, modern, jazz, and ethnic dance forms to teach in classes provided for contestants, attending students, and observers; chose three hosts to preside over announcements, presentations, and instructions in the four languages (English, French, Spanish, Russian) used at all events; and invited honored guests, among them a delegation of dancers and teachers representing the Peking Theater from the People's Republic of China.

This first American competition was funded and presented by Mississippi Ballet International, Inc., with Jackson as the host city. The collaboration of the two groups resulted in an event that attracted unprecedented national and international coverage of dance. So this "American Varna" was a success. When Emil Dimitrov, director of the International Ballet Competition in Varna and a guest of honor in Jackson, was asked how he would rate America's first effort in the ballet competition field, he told an IBC executive, "It ranks with Varna on our highest level."

Audiences, jurors, and reporters watched with increasing excitement young contestants in two categories—junior, 13 to 18, and senior, 18 to 25—from many lands shrink from more than 60 to the 19 individual winners of gold, silver, and bronze medals. From the very start of the two-week event, dance ex-



LARRY KASPEREK/THE CLARION-LEDGER, JACKSON

Gold medalist Koenraad Onzia, whose performance fairly sparkled with bright promise.

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WILLIAM STRUHS

A young member of the Divine Iambic Dancers of Charleston in their refreshingly original, hometown version of The Wiz.

perts were guessing (and, perhaps, quietly betting on) who would win. Advance publicity had suggested that the next "Baryshnikov" might well be discovered here since the spectacular Mikhail Baryshnikov himself had first earned world recognition competing for the Soviet Union in the International Ballet Competition at Varna in 1966.

It was not too difficult to spot the technical brilliance and special artistry of Czechoslovakia's Lubomir Kafka in the senior group and the remarkable talent and bright promise of the Belgian teenager, Koenraad Onzia. Both received the only gold medals given. The women did not match the high standards set by the men and attained only silver and bronze awards.

The international panel of jurors, chaired by Robert Joffrey of the United States and Sophia Golovkina of the USSR, selected winners from the United States, Canada, Japan, Italy, and Venezuela, as well as from Belgium and Czechoslovakia. The dancers were judged in solo variations and/or pas de deux from the ballet classics selected by the IBC Executive Committee and in contemporary dances of their own choosing. In the latter category, choreographers also received awards. The contestants who reached the final round but did not win medals brought the equivalent of "honorable mentions" to such nations as Egypt, Australia, and Denmark.

Baryshnikov once told me that he didn't really approve of competition in the arts because the physical side, not the artistic, was stressed. He remarked, "The best part of an international competition is that it brings young people together where they can exchange ideas, work together, learn from each other." Then he paused and laughed: "I don't know why I should knock ballet competitions. I won!"

Spoleto Festival U.S.A. is not a competition, but it does assemble a variety of dance talent for the pleasure, and even edification, of visitors to and natives of Charleston. The Ballet Repertory Company, directed by Richard Englund, is loosely associated with its great senior troupe, the American Ballet Theatre, and is a stunning group. Exuberant, vital, and excellently trained in their age bracket, the young dancers are among the best to be found anywhere in America. The repertory Englund selected for Charleston was not an unqualified delight, but much of it showcased the dancers acceptably and, particularly in *Bournonville Variations* and Englund's *Vivaldi Variations*, handsomely.

The Bill Evans Dance Company, which always promises beautifully disciplined dancers and highly original choreography (Evans is one of our best dance creators), did not disappoint in such remarkably inventive works as *Hard Times*, with its bitter-funny antics and brilliantly controlled slow-motion movements, and the zesty tap number, *Piano Rags. New London Quadrille*, intended to be comic, was less than satisfactory in an otherwise solid repertory.

Douglas Norwick and Dancers shared programs with Evans, but Norwick's group and specifically his choreography have yet to find their way. Norwick's choreographic nods to Bob Fosse, John Curry, and show biz in general showed some flashes of wit and originality but were not harnessed as yet, and the whole affair became rather skittish.

Along with major festival events was a series of programs given under the title "Piccolo Spoleto." One of the offerings was a Mini-Dance Festival, organized by Robert Ivey, founder-director of the Robert Ivey Ballet of Charleston, and presented in marathon-style at the Gibbes Art Gallery from 11 AM to 3:30 PM one day. The event, sponsored by the Department of Leisure Services, Cultural Affairs Division (Charleston), presented 15 modest-sized companies, mostly amateur, free of charge to an audience totaling 1,600, 450 of whom were schoolchildren. The performing groups included the Apple Chill Cloggers, who did square dances with taps, from Chapel Hill, North Carolina; the Ukrainian Dance Group; the Charleston Youth Ballet (Ivey-directed); the Jacksonville (Florida) Ballet Theater; Moving South, a modern dance company; the Spartanburg Dance Theater, which featured modern ballet on *pointe*, mock battles in Chinese military classical exercise, and disco dance (!); and the Divine Iambic Dancers in their own version of *The Wiz*. This "mini" festival's unpretentious worth to Spoleto U.S.A. was very definitely "maxi."

—Walter Terry

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Feeding the Stream

by Ted Morgan

OVER A 40-YEAR career as an editor, Robert Giroux, the man who follows the ampersand in Farrar, Straus & Giroux, has worked with an impressive number of distinguished writers. If he were so inclined, which he is not, Giroux could drop names like T.S. Eliot, Carl Sandburg, George Orwell, Edmund Wilson, Robert Lowell, and Flannery O'Connor. For reasons that have less to do with luck than with the ability to recognize and nurture talent and the willingness to gamble on books lacking in commercial appeal, his standards can be held up as an example in today's publishing industry, where the bottom line often takes precedence over the printed word.

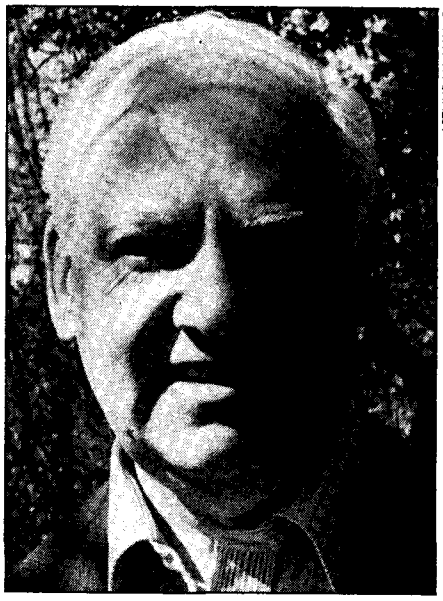
A cheerful man with a hearty laugh, fine white hair, and gentle hazel eyes, Giroux was hired late in 1939 as a junior editor at Harcourt Brace, then a very literary house, which published most of the Bloomsbury writers, notably Virginia Woolf, Maynard Keynes, E.M. Forster, and Lytton Strachey. The publishing offices on Madison Avenue and 46th Street were a friendly, informal place where authors occasionally wandered in unannounced.

One spring day in 1946 the receptionist rang and said: "There's a Mr. Forster out here."

"What's his first name?" Giroux asked.

"He says, Edward Morgan."

Giroux hurried out to greet the author of *A Passage to India* (1924) and found a tall, thin man with a bemused expression and with a knapsack on his back, who said: "How do you do, Mr. Giroux. This is my first trip to America. I have a plane ticket in my pocket for the Grand Canyon—what do you think of the Grand Canyon?"



ARTHUR W. WANG

Giroux—Integrity, not best-sellerdom.

Assuring Forster that it was well worth seeing, Giroux took him to lunch at an outdoor restaurant in the old Marguery Hotel, not far from Grand Central. When trains rumbled beneath the sidewalk, Forster apprehensively inquired, "Earthquake?" It was after this trip that Forster wrote *Two Cheers for Democracy* (1951).

Some years prior to Forster's visit, Edmund Wilson left Scribner's in a huff because his editor wanted him to delete from a book of essays an attack on Hemingway, another Scribner's author. Wilson came to Harcourt Brace, where Giroux became the editor of his new book, *To the Finland Station* (1940). "Wilson needed no editing," Giroux recalls, "he turned in virtually letter-perfect manuscripts." The original edition of *To the Finland Station*, however, did not do well. It was reviewed politely, and even with enthusiasm, but sold poorly. Reissued by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in hard cover 30 years later, it was finally given space on the front page of the *New York Times Book Review*. Like many important books, Giroux believes, it was ahead of its time.

Edmund Wilson was an established author, but in other cases, Giroux felt the pleasure of discovery. Taking a pile of manuscripts to read on the train, he plucked one at random from his briefcase and sat so enthralled that he rode past his stop. It was Jean Stafford's first novel, *Boston Adventure* (1944), and she remained Giroux's author until her death this year.

Giroux learned that one way to acquire authors was through other authors. Jean Stafford, who was married to Robert Lowell, told Giroux in the late Forties: "My husband has written a book called *Lord Weary's Castle*—would you

Many of Giroux's authors are also our best writers: Carl Sandburg, T.S. Eliot, Flannery O'Connor, E.M. Forster, Jean Stafford.

PHOTO CREDITS: EDWARD STEICHEN; THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE; ERICH HARTMANN; CHASE-STATLER PHOTO; ARNI (COURTESY OF HARCOURT, BRACE, JOVANOVICH)

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like to look at it?" Lowell at that time was a practically unknown poet who had published one volume privately. When Giroux read *Lord Weary's Castle* (1946), he recognized it as an important work and "snapped it up."

Giroux had no difficulty in convincing Donald Brace to publish Lowell. "It never would have occurred to us," he said, "not to do it because it wouldn't make a lot of money. What's publishing all about? If it isn't about what you like and believe in, you might as well manufacture sausages."

Just as Jean Stafford had brought Lowell, Lowell brought him Flannery O'Connor, whom he had met at Yaddo. She was then finishing her first novel, *Wise Blood* (1952), under contract elsewhere. But her editor did not understand the book and asked her to rewrite it, saying "I know you'll cooperate and be a straight shooter." Rather than cooperate, Flannery O'Connor came to Giroux, who published *Wise Blood* as it was, and all her books thereafter, including her posthumous book of letters, *The Habit of Being*, issued this year.

Over the years, various of Giroux's authors became friends. When T.S. Eliot came to New York, Giroux saw a lot of him. Shortly after the end of World War II, Giroux took him to meet Philip Rahv, the co-editor of *Partisan Review*, which had published sections of *Four Quartets* (1943). Rahv asked Eliot about the new existentialist writing in France. "It's an extraordinary time," Eliot said. "I can't remember any comparable period with such a high level of mediocrity."

Giroux found himself in the awkward position of being the editor and friend of Carl Sandburg, who disliked and attacked Eliot. When Giroux asked him what he had against Eliot, Sandburg said:

"Aw, he uses too many foreign words."

"But Carl," replied Giroux, "your favorite poet is Walt Whitman, who also uses a lot of foreign words."

"Aw, Eliot doesn't have a sense of humor."

"What about the cat poems and under the bam, under the boo ... ?"

"Did Eliot write that?"

Giroux worried that Eliot and Sandburg would visit him on the same day, and one day they did. He led them to offices at opposite ends of the building, but something went wrong, and when Giroux left his office temporarily, he returned to find both poets sitting there, staring silently at each other. Then Sandburg pointed at Eliot and said: "Bob, look at that face—look at the suffering in that man's face! You can't hold him responsible for the people riding on his coat-tails." Sandburg left, and Eliot's only comment was, "Carl is a nice man, but I think he's becoming senile."

Eliot is usually thought of as prim and reserved, but Giroux saw another side of him. After a reading that was an ordeal, Eliot remarked: "I need a stiff drink." Giroux suggested the Oak Room at the Plaza, where they sat in the corner dedicated to George M. Cohan. After a few rounds, Eliot started singing Cohan songs, all of which he knew by heart. Giroux was amused by the incongruity of the scene: the usually aloof New England Puritan, the poet of anxiety and alienation, in the paneled elegance of the Oak Room, singing "What did Robinson Crusoe do with Friday on Saturday night?"

Giroux championed difficult writers who won an audience after decades of effort (he is quick to remind one that *Moby Dick*, when published in 1851, was a flop). He believes that in the long run literature makes money, and remembers with particular fondness the day that the Harcourt sales manager, surprised by the brisk sales of Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* (1950), said: "You know, this guy Eliot is *merchandise*."

His uncanny talent is in the end just good taste.

The trouble was that inferior merchandise began taking over throughout publishing. Right after the war, with the education explosion, the G.I. bill poured so much money into schools and colleges that the textbook divisions of publishing houses became more important than the trade divisions. "The philosophy changed to balance-sheet publishing," Giroux said, "but the books I was doing were often speculative and undependable. Don't misunderstand me. To keep going, publishers must make money, and they like to make it as much as authors do. Commercial success is not only desirable, it's necessary. What I dislike is the great number of what I call *ooks*, publications that are almost but not quite books. You have trouble remembering them two weeks after they come out."

Giroux felt that the accountants who were now running things did not really like books, and did not know the difference between what was genuine and what was fake. As an editor who relied on his taste, the strongest statement he could make about a book was not its earn-out figure or its sub-rights potential, but simply: "I like it." He remembered that Donald Brace used to say: "Don't sign it up if *you* don't like it. You have to start with yourself." He heard about a publishing executive who asked: "Why don't we just publish best-sellers?" If you publish only what you think others will like, he felt, you will go bankrupt.

From 1948, Giroux was editor-in-chief of Harcourt's trade division, and continued to sign up books ahead of their time. He published Jack Kerouac's first novel, *The Town and the City* (1950), and William Gaddis's first novel, *The Recognitions* (1955), which today has a cult following. "I had a hell of a time getting it through the Harcourt hierarchy," he recalled, "but Donald Brace okayed it." Finally, in 1955, the year of Brace's death, he moved to Farrar, Straus, which has no textbook division and is not owned by a conglomerate.

"Tom," he told Eliot, "I've decided to move to another publishing house."

"Well, I'm going to offer you my next book," Eliot promised.

Giroux took Eliot with him, and eventually Robert Lowell, Jean Stafford, Flannery O'Connor, and other authors followed. One of his young writers at Harcourt was Bernard Malamud, whose first novel, *The Natural* (1952), he had published. Over lunch, Malamud's agent, Diarmuid Russell, said: "I'm not going to let Malamud leave Harcourt."

"I've never asked Bern or any other author to leave," Giroux said.

"You editors are always playing musical chairs," Russell complained.

"Diarmuid," replied Giroux, "I've been at one place for 15 years, and I intend to spend the rest of my life at the other."

More than a year later, Giroux got a call from Malamud, who said: "I guess my new book isn't any good. Harcourt turned it down."

"How would they know?" Giroux asked. After he had read *The Assistant* (1957), he published it and all of Malamud's subsequent work. He also recaptured the rights to *The Natural*, now on the FSG list.

Shortly before Giroux's move, Jack Kerouac called him in a state of agitation. "I gotta come over—right now," he said. He arrived with a roll of what seemed to be paper toweling under his arm. Holding one end of it, he threw it across Giroux's office like confetti.

"It's my new book," he said. "I used legal paper and pasted it together."

"How will you make the corrections?" Giroux asked.

"There aren't going to be any corrections," Kerouac insisted. "This book was not written by me alone. I was possessed by the divine spirit, and no one's going to touch it." That was how Giroux came to lose *On the Road* (1957), which, much rewritten under the editorship of Malcolm Cowley, was published in 1957 Kerouac later returned with *Visions of Gerard* (1963) and *Big Sur* (1962).

Backed by Roger Straus, Giroux has continued to publish books that "feed the stream of literature." In 1964 he became a full partner in the firm—the first book under the FSG imprint was Lowell's *For the Union Dead* (1964). "I enjoy working

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with Roger Straus," Giroux said. "I admire style, and he has it, as well as great publishing flair."

When John Berryman, his college classmate at Columbia, came to Giroux, unable to find a publisher for *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* (1956), he read it and thought: "This is a masterpiece, it's difficult, but it will eventually find its way." With its Ben Shahn illustrations, he considers it one of the handsomest books he ever published.

Authors of stature continue to gravitate toward Giroux. After meeting him socially in London, William Golding decided to give Giroux his first novel in 12 years, *Darkness Visible*. This resulted in litigation from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Golding's previous American publisher, who charged Farrar, Straus & Giroux with the publishing equivalent of alienation of affection, suing them for damages of $500,000. The suit was thrown out of court by the Supreme Court of New York, and *Darkness Visible* will be published by FSG in November. It is natural for certain writers to prefer to work with an editor who is himself a man of letters, who is less concerned with best-sellerdom than the integrity of the work, and who has shown himself able, with surprising regularity, to spot books destined to become a part of the literature of our time. ◉

Energetic Propositions

Energy Future
by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin
Random House, 345 pp., $12.95

The Politics of Energy
by Barry Commoner
Knopf, 235 pp., $10 cloth, $4.95 paper

Reviewed by Steven Ferrey

THE NATIONAL ENERGY dilemma is an endless paradox. We ruin the balance of payments by importing far too much OPEC oil, but we want to drive more rather than less miles; public opinion overwhelmingly endorses solar power, but the solar industry starves in disarray; as an incentive for exploration and development we raise oil and gas prices dramatically, but less rather than more oil is produced in this country. It is an energy crisis through the looking glass, becoming "curiouser and curiouser."

The national policy response is even more unfathomable. Since the 1973–74 oil embargo, we have spent $25 billion on energy research to solve the problem, creating an energy bureaucracy of 20,000 employees. Ask the average consumer what has been bought for this effort, and he responds that he still has trouble obtaining enough gasoline, and he isn't sure he will be able to afford to heat his home next winter. The unanchored drift of energy policy through three presidencies has left a country weakened internationally, stripped of sufficient investment capital, and trembling in its exposed vulnerability.

A bold prescription is needed. Two explorations of the energy crisis, one by a team at Harvard Business School and the other by a prominent ecologist, are stunning in their common resolution. Each proceeds from different perspectives and assumptions, but both conclude that only vigorous solar and conservation initiatives to effect a transition to renewable resources can arrest the economic slide of the nation. Like Keynesian economics that rose from the ashes of the great Depression, these two works offer a new economic solution based upon a less brittle foundation.

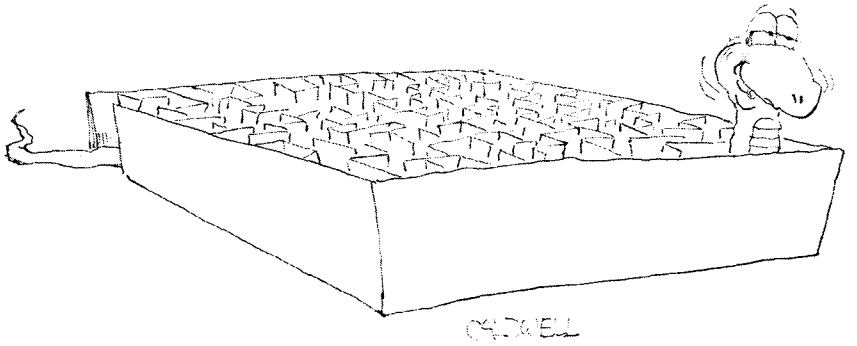
In *Energy Future: The Report of the Harvard Business School Energy Project*, a collection of essays assembled by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin, six authors travel through the intricate maze of institutional and political barriers that encumber, to varying degrees, all of our energy options—oil, natural gas, coal, nuclear power, solar resources, or conservation—and examine the prospects for them to expand sufficiently to satisfy U.S. energy requirements.

Energy Future contains little that is new. The strength and power of this text is the ineluctable logic it brings to the increasingly acrimonious rift between the champions of various energy strategies. Several chapters are noteworthy, particularly Robert Stobaugh's discussion of the U.S.'s exploitation of Middle Eastern oil, which he terms "one of the most stunning examples of economic expansion in history." After World War I the major oil companies, under the active sponsorship of the Department of State, muscled out the British in their own protectorates and effectively excluded the French in their negotiations with the Middle Eastern countries. Over the next four decades, the U.S. government offered no resistance to the formation of the now questionably legal Aramco consortium of Texaco, Socal, Mobil, and Exxon. In fact, they allowed favorable tax-credit status for company tax payments to foreign governments (which today costs the Treasury several billions of dollars yearly), and they enlisted the CIA to overthrow the Mosaddegh government in Iran and install the more sympathetic Shah. This cozy community of interest between Washington and the major oil companies is in part responsible for the government's current inability to act as an independent and informed master of the oil crisis.

Unfortunately, *Energy Future* shrinks at the threshold of some of the most perplexing and subtle energy issues. In the opening pages, the editors underscore three premises that will frame their examination: a belief that the Western world is undergoing an energy transition, a belief that market forces shape economic growth, and a belief that an assessment of the "social" costs and benefits involved in a decision to shift energy sources must be made.

This last concern cuts to the largely hidden underbelly of energy policy: the management of the wrenching economic and social dislocations brought about by any major technological shift. Despite their intentions, the authors never in fact discuss these tough issues. Questions of scale, appropriate thermodynamic technologies, and control over resources receive no attention. After illustrating the economic, environmental, and labor benefits of a transition to renewable resources, the authors stop short of recommending that conventional finite technologies yield to renewable and conservationist solutions now. These omissions superficially blemish what is otherwise a fine treatise on the crisis and its solution, and a challenge to each reader to heed its warning and participate in the formulation of a redirected national energy policy.

Barry Commoner's no-holds-barred style bears little resemblance to the more deferential analysis compiled by Stobaugh and Yergin. Sharply critical of recent leadership and policies, Commoner would probably not even concede that Jimmy Carter's energy policy has been good for cardigan sweaters. *The Politics of Energy* finishes the critique Commoner began in his critically acclaimed *Poverty of Power* (1976), one of the first treatments of the relationship between profligate energy policies and



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economic downturn. Commoner is distinguished more by the freshness of his elaboration than by the novelty of his concepts, which was also the case with his previous efforts.

This much-needed new work shimmers with translucence, but only after Commoner wades through a viscous swamp of material on Carter's National Energy Act. Frontally attacking the Carter administration for its alleged use of computer models and data to further its own legislative goals, Commoner demonstrates how governments manipulate science and economics. In the process of recounting the 18-month attempt to enact national energy legislation, however, Commoner stifles the drama of one of the most richly textured political struggles of the decade, offering instead a rather sparse catalogue of events.

Commoner is at his best when synthesizing the disciplines of ecology, economics, and physics into needle-sharp criticism, when measuring national policy against his humanistic vision of an energy-efficient and socially just society. And so, once free from the sludge of the National Energy Act, Commoner hits his stride, carrying the reader into the core of the energy dilemma. "To be capable of supporting a future, renewable system, an energy source must first meet a rather rudimentary test: It should exist." Above all else, solar power is a technologically proven reality that is now available, unlike the chimerical prospects for nuclear breeder reactors or fusion energy, the two other long-term energy prospects. Concludes Commoner: "To embark, today, on a transition to a nonexisting but hoped-for renewable energy source would be like building a bridge across a chasm without first locating the other side. The consequences of failure are simply too devastating to allow for such a risk in a national energy policy."

Commoner's insights soar above the narrow plain of the energy landscape. One example: The price of fossil fuels will undeniably continue to rise exponentially as the fuels are depleted and become more difficult to produce. While conservation can forestall the onset of this economically disastrous occurrence, only a transition to renewable energy resources can break the inevitable economic demise of a system built upon conventional finite resources. Thus, contrary to many experts who advise the implementation of less costly conservation options before committing funds to solar energy, Commoner urges a shift to solar resources beginning now.

Commoner is acutely aware that his vision of an efficient and just energy program assaults the barons of electric power, who have been investing in a nuclear future and see themselves as sole providers to a centralized electric society. Moreover, it threatens the titans of the oil industry, which owns ever-larger shares of uranium and coal:

> By their own admission, the crisis has enabled them to accumulate more capital than they are now willing to reinvest in oil and gas production. At the same time, the energy crisis has helped to weaken the rest of the economy, so that other companies can now be bought up at bargain prices.

The strength of the forces against which Commoner is tilting does not discourage him from searching for solutions that place economic justice and long-term economic stability above the parochial concerns of established and powerful institutions. He concludes that "the rest of industry, and indeed the economy as a whole, would clearly benefit from the solar transition. Damage to the private interests of the major oil companies seems to be a necessary cost of these larger social benefits."

The Politics of Energy demarcates the battle lines and summons the warriors of alternative technologies to the front. It sounds the bugle for the creation of new institutions, a crusade the outcome of which Commoner believes to be preordained by both technological and resource imperatives.

He may well be right. The recent additions to the energy vocabulary—Three Mile Island, the Iranian revolution—spell the end of an era of readily available conventional power, and signal the need for a new vision of our energy future. Commoner's works will help us sharpen that vision.

Steven Ferrey is Staff Counsel of the National Consumer Law Center's Energy Project and writes frequently on energy policy for several publications.

Growing Pains

Rumors of Peace
by Ella Leffland
Harper & Row, 389 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Eva Hoffman

RUMORS OF PEACE is a deliberately quiet novel. Ella Leffland writes without relying on sudden reversals of plot, grotesqueries of human behavior, or the technical displays of virtuosity that have become almost obligatory for a writer who wants to signal that he is up to something important. Her style does not startle, dazzle, or immediately impress; instead, *Rumors of Peace* enlarges and exfoliates so gradually that the reader is caught up by its subtlety and power almost unawares.

The plot turns on the intrusion of a somber historical event into a young life

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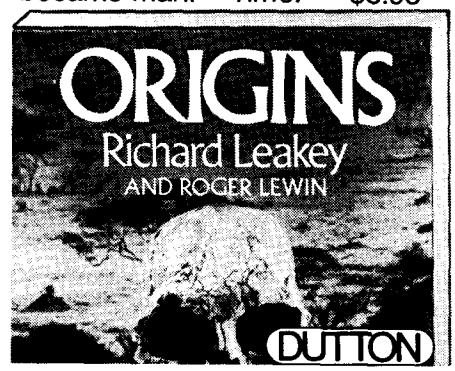

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so remote from turmoil and marked by such comfort and normalcy that it seems almost exempt from those forces. The setting is Mendoza, California, a small, obscure town in the hills east of San Francisco. The narrative voice—modest, exact, and lyrical—reminisces about her own early adolescence, when "life rolled on smoothly, as it was meant to." Suse lives in a neighborhood which is "neither rich nor poor," surrounded by a family for whom she feels affectionate loyalty, and she whiles away her days climbing trees, resisting schoolwork, and desultorily wondering about the existence of God.

The utter security of this tranquil childhood is disrupted when World War II, at first no more than a rumor from a faraway part of the world, impinges directly on Mendoza. After Pearl Harbor and some air-raid alarms, Suse becomes obsessed with the war. She begins to understand that a *Life* magazine photograph of a Polish family buried in a potato field is real, and that catastrophe can threaten even her safe and well-loved sphere. She starts to feel burdened with an awful knowledge of pain and cruelty, and she turns her fear, shameful and imminent, into a resolute hatred of the nearest available enemy—the "Japs" who inhabit Martinez Valley.

But in spite of this dark theme, the novel is not a disquisition on growing up absurd, or a symbolic parable on the loss of American innocence. The story Ella Leffland tells—a story of initiation into the full range and complexity of experience—is richer and more subtle. The news headlines and radio bulletins that announce the progress of the war in *Rumors of Peace* are interwoven into a tapestried narrative of commonplace but vividly colored events. Suse meanders through friendships, feels the baffling stirrings of sexuality, places herself under the tutelage of an older girl who fashions herself as the resident "genius," reads *Madame Bovary* five times, falls in love with Egon, a German Jew in whom she feels the intensity and depth toward which she herself is striving. She writes letters, thoughtful and ingenuous by turns, swims until her hair turns green, and basks in the sensuality of sunny days and starry nights.

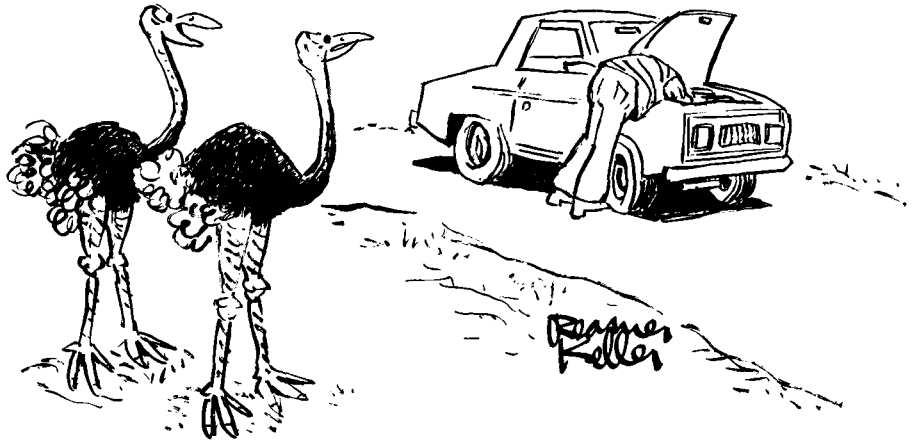
These moments, the undramatic stuff of Suse's experience, are at the heart of the novel, and Ella Leffland writes about them in precisely nuanced language, with an unerring delicacy of feeling. Each situation, each cameo portrait is etched with pointilistic clarity and each moment expands, without strain or overheating, into deep emotion or intimate discovery. A taunt thrown at a dimwitted, slatternly girl turns into a private lesson in the pangs of embarrassment and guilt; a performance of a "European" symphony, composed by a local high-school teacher, builds, in spite of the amateur orchestra, into an occasion of unassuming beauty.

Eventually, Suse begins to reconcile rumors of war with rumors of peace, to include them both in her picture of the human condition. The war is a moral quandary posed by history that she must confront if she is going to penetrate "the truth" she so urgently seeks. But the other, less extreme textures have their own validity, and they must also be compassed by her consciousness.

Suse is an extremely engaging character, and somewhat of an anomaly in the American literature of adolescence. For all her casual tomboyishness and the homely Americana details in the novel, she is more like Tolstoy's young Natasha than like Huck Finn or Holden Caulfield. The classical American adolescents are wise naifs whose innocent vision serves to foil and highlight the corruption and hypocrisies of adult society. But Ella Leffland does not romanticize innocence or denigrate maturity as a lapse from the natural state. Suse is neither a disingenuous waif nor a rebel without a cause. Her evolution is presented as an almost organic accretion and an enlargement of insight, judgment, and discrimination. She grows into complexity, rather than into disillusionment or rejection. She learns by savoring ideas, poetry, music, people, and the familiar features of her world, by discerning fine modulations and ambiguities as well as large evils. She observes with disappointment as her friend, Peggy, a charmingly lackadaisical urchin, turns into a fashionable social butterfly; she wonders about the fate of Peggy's aunt, a ruined beauty who ends up committing suicide; and she faces the difficult realization that Egon's love for her has existed only in her own imagination. As she adds more pieces to the mosaic of her experience, Suse sloughs off her moral absolutism and her uncompromising hatred of the enemy. "How much do you want?" Egon asks her at the culmination of the novel, just after they've heard the news of Hiroshima. She decides she wants it all.

Leffland's attempt—rare in American writing, which so often dwells in the extreme regions of the spirit—is to retrieve and illuminate the dappled variety of ordinary reality while acknowledging the existence of death and horror. Tragedy can be incorporated into a pastoral, she seems to say, happiness can be affirmed without an evasion of modern *angst*. Such a synthesis cannot be achieved through rigorous logic, and Leffland doesn't try. If she succeeds, it is because of her gift for capturing the rhythms and nuances of emotion, and for culling from ordinary moments a significance which convinces us that the middle landscape of daily experience is the true, the common human ground.

Eva Hoffman, freelance writer and critic, is working on a book of cultural commentary of the Sixties and Seventies.



"I never did know why they stick their heads in those things."

Books in Brief

Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet
by Richard Gilman
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 180 pp., $8.95

IT WAS LATE Roman historians and poets, nostalgic for a somewhat imaginary Golden Age, who bequeathed to us the idea that civilizations, like organisms, sink into a natural decline and decay. Gilman thus makes them his first target, arguing that Rome did not subside and die, but was "murdered" by a more powerful culture. Decadence, Gilman generalizes, is not an inevitable phase of civilizations, but rather a term of disparagement wielded by spectators and survivors unhappy with vicissitudes of culture. While this contention has the ring of truth, meta-historical theories can't very well be established on the basis of the quick survey of commentary

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by scholars and disgruntled contemporaries that Gilman supplies.

He enjoys greater success in his second, and central, claim, which is that "decadence" has been so loosely applied to any deviation from the norm that it no longer means anything. Much of this portion of the argument is devoted to rescuing decadence's twin standard-bearers, Wilde and Baudelaire, from the miasmal swamp of carnality and sensationalism in which both their enemies and disciples have plunged them. Gilman's treatment of Wilde is especially thoughtful. Without dismissing Wilde's almost suicidal bouts of perversity, he depicts the writer as an intentional *poseur* who "helped to break up the frozen moral world by inciting its hysterical outrage."

Gilman's argument will probably cause the reader to repent any past uses of this "portmanteau stuffed with emptiness." It may also make him wonder why the author devoted an entire book to a subject of such dubious though topical significance, especially since the survival of the word proves its invulnerability. Gilman may provide a clue at the conclusion, when he waxes wroth at the modern fashion of dignifying sleazy self-indulgence with the implicit philosophy of the word decadence. Gilman's real beef is not with the word but with the decadence—pardon, hedonism—of the society that celebrates it.

—JAMES TRAUB

Solo Faces
by James Salter
Little, Brown, 220 pp., $8.95

RHETORICALLY, *Solo Faces* brings joy, its strong, sensory style generating a rare immediacy and excitement. Socially and morally, the novel flags badly, miring itself in adolescent notions about male heroics to the point where even its sharp style loses its edge. Like Whitman, Salter believes that the physical exploits of men are bracing and wholesome. Like Hemingway, he believes these exploits mean more when undertaken away from women and at great bodily risk. That he believes in little else makes his world of mountain climbers in *Solo Faces* a poor show.

The stoicism observed by his fanatical mountaineers as they plan and execute their climbs leans quite heavily upon literary stereotypes from Whitman and Hemingway. Any show of feeling violates an unspoken code of manly honor in the novel; of a towering slab that nobody has ever scaled, a climber says, "That is some piece of rock."

Salter's cultist elitism and the bleak technical exactitude on which it relies foster snobbery; even within the brotherhood of climbers, moral hierarchies exist. Scaling mountain walls doesn't prepare Salter's overtrained puritans for life in the valley of human involvement below. For one thing, the women in the book exist merely to provide sex for their climber-lovers and then to be dropped. When asked when he'll be back, one mountaineer, preparing to indulge his real passion, climbing, tells his live-in sweetheart nonchalantly, "I don't know. In a year. Maybe two."

Disposable relationships like that one disjoint the novel, breaking it into a series of fragments, thus destroying its unity. The daredevil exploits recounted in *Solo Faces* don't gauge or test manhood so much as dwarf it.—PETER WOLFE

Bay of Pigs
by Peter Wyden
Simon & Schuster, 327 pp., $12.95

THE AMERICAN government's abortive schemes to overthrow Fidel Castro must be included among the most sordid episodes of the Cold War era. Peter Wyden's *Bay of Pigs* is a comprehensive account of the worst of those episodes, the attempt to invade Cuba in April 1961. Wyden's vivid narrative amply documents the immaturity of the Kennedy administration and its betrayal of dedicated Cubans who naively believed that the United States would support their bravery with its military power.

By basing his account on the experience of individual participants, however, Wyden achieves dramatic effect at the expense of narrative continuity. He lacks the genius required for writing first-rate narrative history, but his exhaustive research, including interviews with planners and combatants, and his ability to create a sense of immediacy qualify *Bay of Pigs* as an important contribution to contemporary history.

Wyden thoroughly exposes the fatuity of the invasion's planners. Richard Bissell, the CIA's deputy director for plans, presided over the debacle. He relied on personal brilliance, the support of the Joint Chiefs, bureaucratic momentum, and Cold War bravado to overcome President Kennedy's misgivings. Incredibly, American planners expected the Cuban people to rally to the invaders' standard.

Whether describing the training camps of Guatemala or recounting the deliberations of American leaders, *Bay of Pigs* exudes a barracks atmosphere. President Kennedy and most of his advisors had come to manhood on the battlefields of World War II and to power during the Cold War. They did not question their goals or methods because their adult experience had been formed in the midst of righteous conflict. *Bay of Pigs* ably recalls the spirit of an adolescent empire in the course of discovering its moral and political limitations.

—DENNIS WILLIAMS

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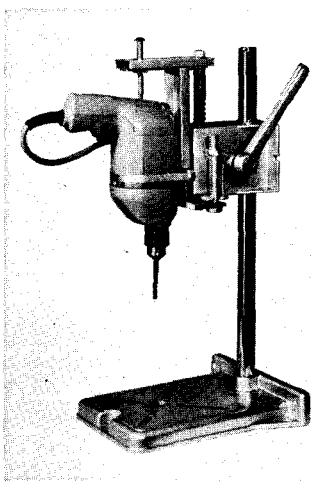
ELECTRIC DRILL CONVERTER KIT

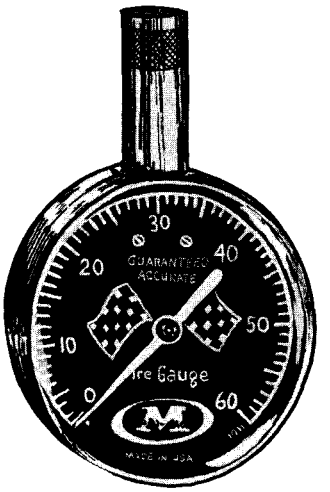
There are 65 million electric hand drills in the U.S., nearly one per household. Handy as these tools are, they also have limitations—as anyone knows who has tried to do precise work, especially on metal, and had to contend with skating bits and angled holes. Well, a Michigan company markets a stand that turns the ordinary electric drill into a precision drill press. Even better, the stand adapts the electric drill to a variety of bench uses, making it a veritable workshop in itself. The Project Master drill stand accepts any ¼" or ⅜" electric drill. The drill is clamped solidly against rubber mounts on the head of the stand. A rack and pinion gear raises and lowers the head on a 1" polished chrome column. The head is spring loaded, so it returns to the top of the stroke when released. An adjustable depth stop (up to 3") makes it simple to drill a series of holes to a pre-set depth. The stand will accommodate any thickness of material up to 16". There is a 5" throat between the drill chuck and the back of the stand. The drill stand is 21" high overall with a 6½" square work surface at the base. This is a cleverly designed, well-made tool that gives smooth accurate fingertip drilling for a fraction of the cost of a free-standing drill press. And here is the



bonus. The head of the drill stand can be used by itself to make a horizontal bench stand for your drill. Fitted with the appropriate attachments, your electric drill becomes a buffer, grinder, wire brush, disk sander, or polishing wheel. (Later, if you want to go further, the same company offers kits that adapt the basic drill stand to make a lathe, a jointer, a tilt-table sander, or a table jig saw.) The last surprise is the price. The Project Master drill stand is $45 postpaid making it one of the best multi-purpose tool values we know of—even granting that you are expected to supply the drill. The manufacturer provides a 3-month warranty against defect. (A-61)

SIMPLE WAY TO SAVE GAS

Underinflated tires increase the rolling resistance of an automobile. This means more energy is required to move the car, so it travels less distance per gallon of gas. This simple mechanical truth is relevant today as never before, as we all struggle to cope with tighter gasoline supply. But the importance of tire inflation does not end there: safety, handling, and tire life all ride on maintaining proper tire pressures. (American drivers are notoriously inattentive to their tires. It is not unusual to find tire pressures on a sedan ranging, say, from 22 pounds to 28 pounds where the specifications call for 24 pounds per tire. Such variation

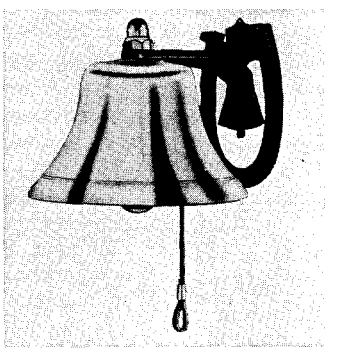


will cause uneven braking and steering, excessive heat build-up, reduced traction and shorter tread life.) Yet even for people attentive to their tires, proper pressure is not always a simple matter. A Bureau of Standards study shows that the *average* error in automatic service station air pumps is 4 pounds. Furthermore, for accuracy, tire pressure should be measured *cold*, before you even travel to a service station. The most practical solution in these circumstances is for every driver to carry a reliable gauge with which to check tire inflation at least once a month and before trips. Used regularly, the gauge will return its price many times over in longer tire life and increased gas mileage. Tools for Living has located a very accurate, sturdy gauge that fits nicely in glove compartment or tool chest and that is extremely simple to use. Each gauge is $9 postpaid. It registers 0 to 60 pounds in 1-pound gradations, with easy-to-read white-on-black registration. The gauge comes in a rugged steel casing. The dial is 2" in diameter. (A-60)

Preservation feat. Russian archeologists report finding a clay jug full of butter buried 1,000 years ago. Biochemists say the butter is as good as the day it was buried, retaining both the proper color and smell.

A RINGING GOOD THING

We had a small epiphany one summer afternoon while playing golf on a course with a blind hole to the green. There was a post and bell at the edge of the green, and you rang the bell as you left the green so the players behind would know they were free to hit. We had dutifully rung the bell and were strolling away, bell tones cascading through the warm sunshine. Unexpectedly we were overcome by thoughts of steam locomotives, church steeples, farm dinners and sailboats heeled over in the wind and spray. What had the modern world done with bells? Without our quite noticing, had sirens and whistles and horns and alarms taken over almost all the signaling functions around us? Was there no room today for the artful urgent simplicity of the struck bell? We stopped short and resolved then and there to do what we could to restore bells to the world.



Which is how **Tools for Living** comes to offer this patio and garden bell for use around the house. The bell is solid brass, polished and lacquered. It is 6" in diameter and 5" high with a horseshoe motif mounting. The bell has a clear resonant tone that is surprisingly full. It can be used as a doorbell, a summons to kids playing down the block, or to announce dinner in the summer when everyone is outside. The bell is made by a company that has been making bells for 145 years. We are sure it will please you, even if it fails to bring an epiphany. The patio and garden bell costs $15 postpaid. (A-62)

(Advertisement)

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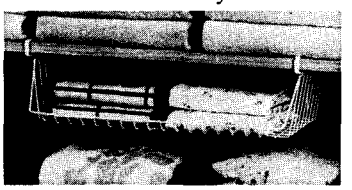
COOKING IN CLAY

Cooking in earthenware or clay pots is one of those so-called primitive techniques that is recently enjoying rediscovery in the U.S. The secret of clay cooking is moisture. Before using, you soak the unglazed clay pots and tops in water for 10 or 15 minutes. The porous terra cotta absorbs water that is then released gradually throughout the cooking process. The moisture blends with the natural juices

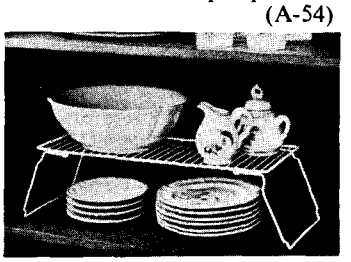
of the foods being cooked in a continuous self-basting action. No fats, oils, or shortenings are needed, so this form of cooking is especially attractive for those watching the fats in their diets. Even foods that are difficult to cook without drying out—like turkey—are a snap cooked in clay. It is virtually impossible to dry out food preparing it in this manner. It emerges from the pot tender, flavorful and with its nutrients intact. There is certainly nothing primitive about the result. The best contemporary earthenware pots we've found are called Römertopfs. They are attractively designed with a handsome embossing, equally at home in the oven or on the table. The pots season and change color with use, developing a patina that testifies to many a satisfactory meal. Römertopfs are suitable for cooking meat, poultry, vegetables or fish and can be used in electric, gas, or microwave ovens. Each pot comes with a brief manual and sample recipes. Tools for Living is offering these pots in three sizes: Small for individuals or couples, takes 2 to 5 pounds, $16.00 plus $1.50 for postage and handling. (A-64); Medium, the standard family model that holds up to 6 pounds, $25.00 plus $2.00 for postage and handling (A-65); or Large, which can hold a complete meal for 8 people or a 14 pound turkey, $32.00 plus $3.00 for postage and handling. (A-66)

SPACEMAKING SIMPLIFIED or RACKS TO THE RESCUE

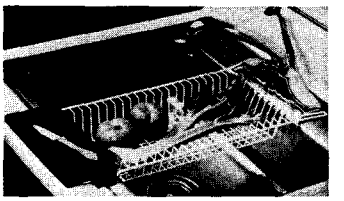
Two of the easiest things in the world to run out of are storage space and work space, especially in the kitchen. If your house is like ours, you are forever rearranging things to make what space you have stretch a little further. Well, here are some simple attractive tools to help along your spacemaking. These six racks imported from Italy are the best we've seen for capitalizing on otherwise wasted space. While they are particularly well-suited to the kitchen, there are creative applications for them all over the house: closets, pantry, garage, workshop, bathroom, office or desk. All the racks are made of heavy-gauge steel wire coated in white vinyl, which makes them both durable and stylish.



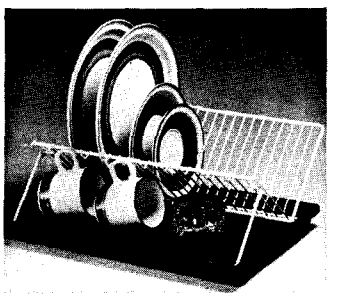
Undershelf Rack. This handy basket-like rack provides a way to use space underneath shelves. It slips on and off easily and can be readily moved. It is perfect for linen closets and pantry shelves, especially for storing those small items that otherwise get lost in the clutter. The Undershelf Rack is 19¾" wide, 9¾" deep, and 6" high. Each rack is $6.50 postpaid. (A-54)



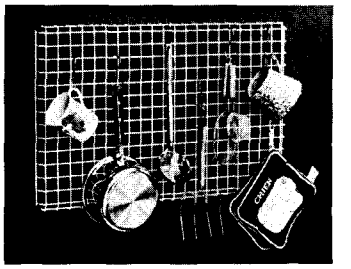
Stacking Rack. For the upper side of the shelf, here is a quick and easy folding rack that creates new shelf space in a jiffy. In fact, these Stacking Racks fit securely one atop another, so you can tier several to take advantage of that deep corner in your countertop. The rack folds flat when not in use. Each Stacking Rack is 18½" wide, 7¾" deep, and 5½" high and costs $5.50 postpaid. (A-55)



Over-the-sink Rack. This rack adds a new work area to the kitchen, one where any mess drains directly into the sink. It is ideal for cutting up chicken, defrosting meat, preparing salads and vegetables (it can also double as an additional dish drain). The rack is recessed, to fit down into the sink, and is narrow enough to leave part of the sink free. This rack will fit any sink up to 19" front-to-back or side-to-side. The over-the-sink Rack is 8½" wide, 15" long, and 2½" deep with a clip-on plastic work tray 4" by 8½". Each rack is $5.50 postpaid. (A-56)



Fold-away Dish Rack. This neatly designed fold-up dish drainer frees the counter space that bulky conventional dish drainers occupy. And because it has a deep water catchment tray, it needn't be placed right at the sink edge for drainage purposes. The drainer has 22 slots for dishes, 12 cup hooks, and is adjustable to 6 angles to accommodate different-sized dishes. When not in use, it folds down to 1¼" flat, to slip away into any narrow space. The Fold-away Dish Rack is 16½" wide by 11¼" deep and costs $14.00 postpaid. (A-57)



Hanging Rack. This open grid wall rack does what peg board does, but does it better and easier. The rack is simply mounted (with 2 screw hooks) and comes with a package of S-hooks to use for hanging pots, pans, utensils, etc. The gridwork makes an attractive background and the rack is a perfect way to use otherwise uncommitted wallspace. The Hanging Rack is 16½" by 26" by 1" deep. It costs $9.50 postpaid. (A-59)

Organizer Rack. This rack has 5 sections for separating silverware or anything else that gets jumbled up in drawers. The open mesh construction keeps dust and lint from accumulating inside the tray. These racks are ideal for desktops, utility drawers, and workbenches. They are shallow enough to stack two in a drawer if you really need to save space. The Organizer Racks are 11½" wide, 13" long, and 1¾" deep. They cost $8.50 each postpaid. (A-58)

Astronomical facts. The interior temperature of the sun is about 35,000,000° F.

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In High Spirits

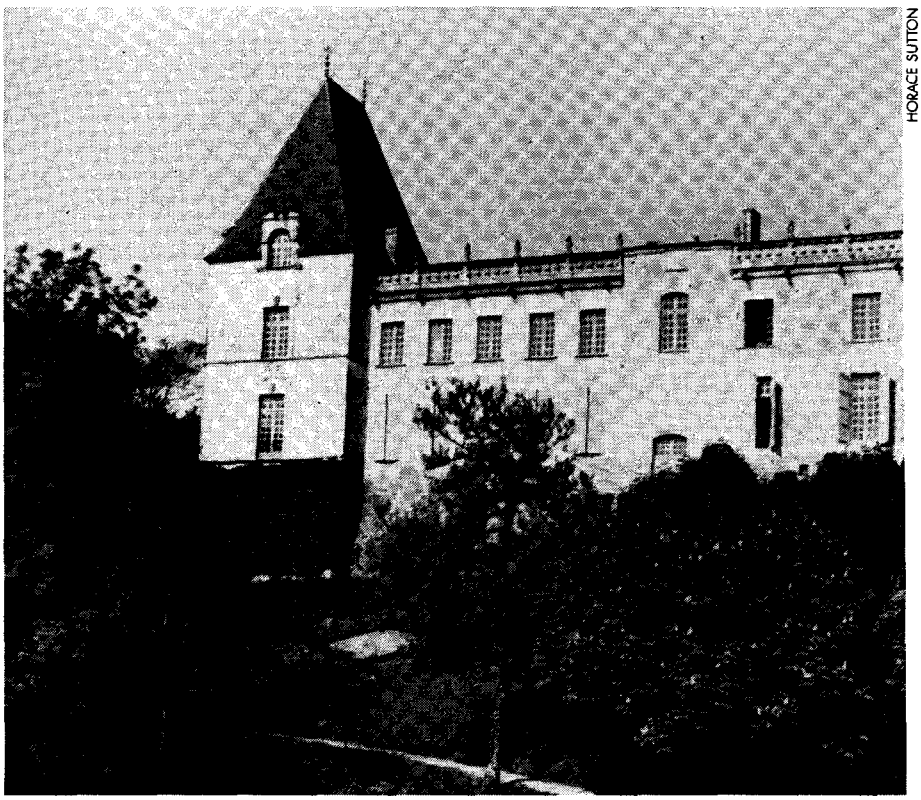
THE NORWEGIANS, who seem to have invented everything from Martha's Vineyard to herring, and in the 9th century were a restless sort anyway, sailed out of the fjords and headed down the Atlantic coast looking for salt. The salt, of course, was needed to preserve the herring and also the cod.

Besides bringing back salt, they also diversified their imports by filling their holds with the light wines from the Charente, a sector of France that is north of Bordeaux, South of Nantes, and not very far from the Atlantic.

Buying salt and Charente wines became a trading practice not only of the Vikings, but also of the Frisians and the folk of Flanders, and of traders from Sweden, northern Germany, Poland, and Lithuania. To preserve it and store it, some vintners thought of distilling it, but the brand that process produced won no ribbons in Riga or Hamburg.

One distiller, however, who has been passed into history as the Chevalier de la Croix Marron, tried something else. In his words, he attempted to "capture its soul" by distilling it twice, that is, submitting it to two open fires. Cognac, the center of the region where Charente grapes are grown, has been in high spirits ever since. It inhales the end product often enough to chase the sorrows, but more than that, this town of 20,000 souls, and its surrounding neighborhoods, grows the white Charente grape, crushes it each autumn, sends it through copper stills of fancy onion-dome shapes in winter, then stores it in oak casks that usually come from the forests of Limousin. Thus the dark-hued color brings a maturity to Cognac, which as the poet Marchadier once said, is "distilled from the dawn's rays."

It takes nine gallons of white Charente wine to make one gallon of Cognac. The uninitiated might say "brandy," but any schoolperson living in these precincts would be quick to say that many places produce brandy, but only the departments of Charente and Charente-Maritime, covering some 250,000 acres of vines, can produce Cognac. So what is produced by Christian Brothers of California, Keo of Cyprus, Metaxa of Greece, and Fundador of Spain is brandy, see? And that goes for Armagnac which is produced in France but not on these hallowed acres and so must be termed—in its special case—Armagnac, not Cognac. Those limitations were laid down in 1902 and function in the same way as the rules for champagne. Technically, only the bubbly that comes from the chalky fields of the Reims-Epernay area can be called "Champagne." What Italy makes is spumante, what Germany distills is *sekt*, and what the Russians in the Crimea, or even the French winemakers of California, make is sparkling wine, not C-h-a-m-p-a-g-n-e. Ditto Cognac.



HORACE SUTTON

Grand Marnier Chateau Bourg-Charente—tables on the terrace over the river.

The avid peregrinator who has done with the Loire, Brittany, Normandy, Provence, and the Côte d'Azur, will find a new land in which to gambol here in the Charente—fortified farms, Romanesque churches, Roman ruins, winding rivers, country inns, fetching villages, and elegant towns.

Two routes are sketched out, both of which have the market town of Cognac as its centerpiece. The red route is modest, skittering south to Segonzac and Barbezieux before turning back to Jarnac; the other, the white route, more ambitious, takes in Saintes with its celebrated *eglise de l'Abbaye aux Dames*, once run by a powerful abbess descended from a noble family. From Saintes the white route heads east to the port city of Royan, then skirts the seaside towns of Marennes and Fouras until it arrives at the picture-book port of La Rochelle, a city steeped in history and tragedy. The prolonged occupation by the Germans eventually won for it a collective Croix de Guerre with palm.

In my own case, I flew from Paris to Bordeaux, paused for an agreeable luncheon at La Réserve in suburban Pessac, a hideaway that can produce *lou magret*, which is a breast of duck served pink like steak, or fresh duck liver, or sweetbreads in flaky pastry with cèpes. It has 22 rooms, one of which might be needed for recuperation. The cuisine approaches the grand style.

I was permitted, alas, no such convalescence, having been spirited away for a look at the vineyards of Pontet Canet before embarking on a mad cross-country race to catch the ferry to cross the Gironde, that broad estuary that splits the Bordeaux grape fields in twain.

Royan, badly battered by Allied planes in World War II, is a new town, its broad Atlantic beaches once more in use, and a port where the fishermen come in to auction their catch. We paused in a raffish café to taste the oysters, washed

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down with swallows of Muscadet, took time for a boisterous game of table football without which any French *zinc* would be hard put to do business, and then pushed on to Cognac.

The Charente splits the town of Cognac. Gray renaissance houses line the Rue Saulnier, named at the time when Cognac was a city where traders came to deal in salt. Francis I, who was born in a castle now owned by the Otard Cognac Company, is astride a horse in the main square. The brokers and farmers are in assembly at the Coq d'Or, or they are at La Belle Epoque where the bar is lined with bottles with such hallowed labels as Martell, Camus, Rémy-Martin, Hennessy, Polignac, and Otard.

One can shop for a picnic at the big covered market where visitors from the new world will be startled to find roasting lamb at $6 a pound, York ham at $5 a pound, asparagus at $2 a pound, tiny radishes that cost 75 cents a bunch, and filet steak marked $7.50 a pound.

Still, it is possible to buy cheese and bread and wine and wander down to the park of Francis I, a woody expanse that slopes down to the Charente, a river lined on either side with warehouses where Cognac is stored.

The stroller can buy a *torteau* which is a flat bread marked by two cuts, much favored locally. Or find nourishment modestly at Le Djerba, a Tunisian restaurant that can produce *mechoui* and *couscous*. A *L'Entrecôte* promises American steak. Fantail pigeons strut along the green in front of Les Pigeons Blancs, a hearty restaurant enclosed in stone walls and warmed by a charcoal broiler.

In Cognac a sound-and-light presentation is shown in Otard's chateau, and Hennessy, among others, has tours of its museum and its warehouses across the Charente to which visitors are conveyed by boat.

The name Hennessy, seemingly so out of character in Gaul, was imported in the person of Richard Hennessy, a wounded veteran of the Irish Brigade which had been in the service of the King of France. Stationed here in 1740, and hearing that the local spirits had restorative qualities, he sent some back to Ireland. More, more, came the cry, and Hennessy was in business.

While the museum shows such technicalities as how many *eaux-de-vie* it takes to make a grand Cognac (80), some of the more attractive sights are the farms where the grapes are grown, then distilled on the spot and sent off to Hennessy for processing and aging.

Behind the high walls of the farmer-vintners, which protected their ancestors during countless Catholic-Protestant brouhahas, are roadways lined with fruit trees, and distilling rooms lined with copper kettles whose flaring "swan's neck" pipes flow into onion-shaped stills. Ultimately the *bonne chauffe* alcohol appears, later to go into barrels and be aged in wood. The blenders sip from blue-tinted glasses to avoid being influenced by color. In the Hennessy cellars it is possible to find Cognac put down the year you were born, no matter when that was, casks holding Cognac from 1865, silk-smooth to this day.

In the second half of the 19th century with free trade booming with Britain and northern Europe, the squires of Cognac built large Gothic houses in the *faubourgs*. The Chateau Bourg-Charente, now owned by Grand Marnier, is a splendid example. Crossing the river leads the wanderer to the Restaurant La Ribaudière, where the tables are set up on the terrace overlooking the river. On the ocean, Les Claires at Marennes serves the grandest assortment of cold seafood ever contemplated—a massed mix of lobsters, crabs of varied ancestries, whelks, mussels, and shrimp of assorted sizes. After that, one can choose between a *blanquette de bar*, a poached *raie* or skate, Charentaise style; or an *eclade* of mussels served on pine needles which have been lighted.

Le Relais d'Orlac on the Saintes road is a stone wall fortress with blue gingham tablecloths and a menu that includes grilled eels fished from the Charente that flows just across the roadway; mussels done Saintongeaises style, which is to say with cream and Cognac, and a tournedos finished similarly, with butter, cream, and Cognac.

On the south road from Cognac toward Bordeaux, the Moulin de Cierzac, a quarter of an hour out of Cognac, is the very picture of a small hotel. No wishing well, as I recall, but there's an old mill in the back that dates from the 17th century, and the specialties, many awash in the local spirit, include everything from a *mouclade Charentaise* (mussels with white wine, shallots, and garlic, steamed and returned to the shell) to a *tantouillet* which is jugged pork. Naturally, the gastronomic endpiece is a modest glass of the local spirit. In the Charente, things go better with Cognac.

—Horace Sutton

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Hennessey distilling room—"In the cellars it is possible to find Cognac put down the year you were born."

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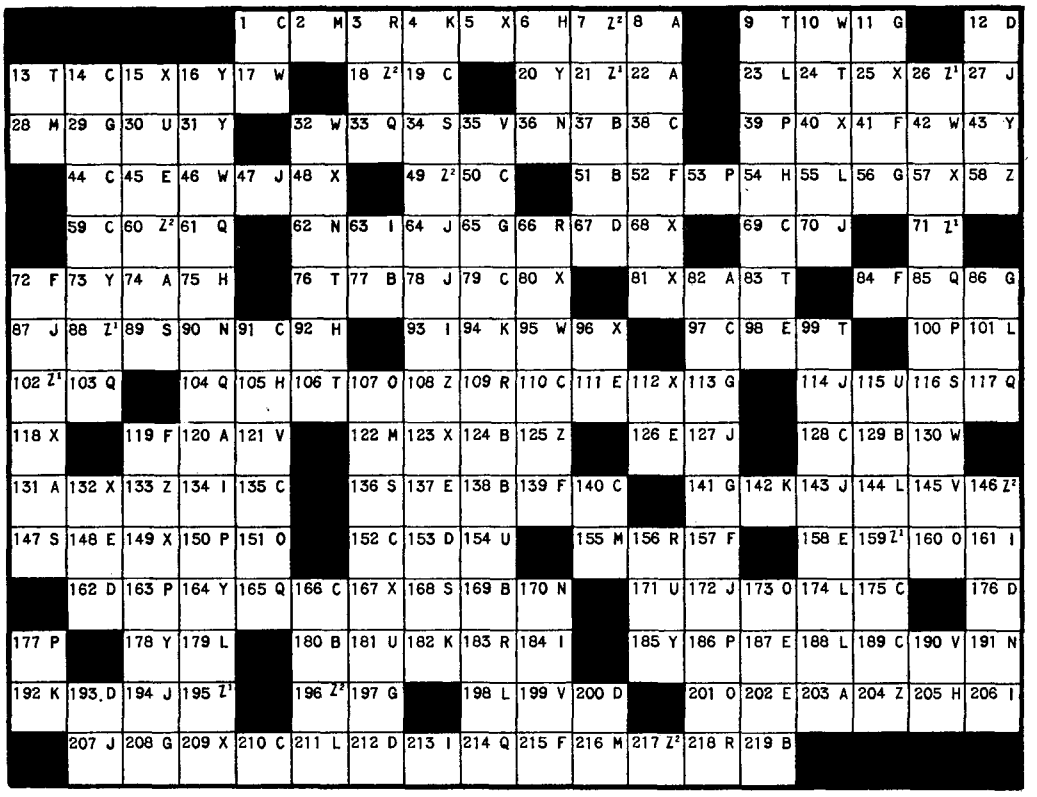
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 178

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 177 appears on page 5.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Plant of the genus *Erica*, having pinkish-purple flowers	8 22 74 82 120 131 203
B. Short-lived, transitory	219 51 129 180 124 138 37 77 169
C. 1936 Kaufman and Hart play (6 wds.)	38 50 189 210 1 19 44 79 91 140 175 110 128 152 166 59 97 135 69 14
D. Pronounced, decided	200 212 67 153 162 176 193 12
E. Bivalve mollusk of the family *Solenidae* (2 wds.)	45 98 111 126 137 158 187 202 148
F. Hoboes	157 215 41 72 119 139 52 84
G. Satan	141 56 65 86 197 208 11 29 113
H. Step lively	205 6 54 75 92 105
I. Excuses (2 wds.)	134 161 184 206 63 93 213
J. Blossoming	27 70 127 172 194 78 87 114 207 47 64 143
K. Easternmost of the three peninsulas of Khalkidhiki	182 192 4 94 142
L. Tinged with red	144 211 23 55 174 188 101 179 198
M. Forgetfulness; oblivion	2 28 122 155 216
N. State flower of New Mexico	170 36 62 90 191
O. River of Canada framed by the confluence of the Mattagami and the Missinaibi	160 173 107 151 201
P. Saint (340?–397), bishop of Milan	186 163 100 150 177 39 53
Q. North American Indian people of the Sahaptin family (2 wds.)	103 214 165 85 33 104 117 61
R. Grave, acute, or circumflex	156 183 218 66 109 3
S. Small cup or mug	34 147 136 168 89 116
T. Gives the slip; crash-lands in water	99 24 9 106 13 76 83
U. Pertaining to poison	30 154 181 115 171
V. Member of the lowest caste in ancient Laconia	199 121 190 145 35
W. German bacteriologist (1854–1915), discoverer of Salvarsan	130 17 95 42 46 32 10
X. 1935 Thomas Wolfe novel (5 wds.)	5 25 40 81 96 112 132 167 48 68 80 149 209 123 57 118 15
Y. Receptacle for odds and ends	16 164 20 185 31 178 43 73
Z. Type of heron	58 108 133 125 204
Z¹. One more	71 195 159 26 21 102 88
Z². "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of ___" (*The Merchant of Venice*)	146 196 49 60 18 217 7

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Special Delivery

BY THE TIME this column appears, the odds are that my wife and I will have become parents. Last December, the obstetrician predicted a birth date with absurd precision—August 13, no doubt to forestall further questions on that score at least until after August 13 had passed. As I write, our first descendant (he or she) is crouched in the womb like a little football player waiting restlessly for the signal to descend head-first into the world.

To ready ourselves for that day, my wife and I are taking a course in the La Maze method of childbirth. Among our contemporaries La Maze is very much the fashion. Moreover, if a couple does not attend La Maze, or some comparable class, the husband is excluded from the delivery room. For $60—the cost of six two-hour lessons—that is a privilege worth preserving.

The purpose of the La Maze method is to make giving birth seem like a connubial endeavor. This is no mean task, for, truth be told, husbands have about as much effect on the outcome as umbrellas have on the weather. Nonetheless, one wants to be included. Instead of feeling like a superfluity, the husband, or "coach" as he is cutely dubbed, is made to feel as if he were secretly in charge. To believe this is an imaginative act as amusing and harmless as supposing oneself the conductor of a symphony on the stereo: Even if one miscues, neither symphony nor newborn is likely to miss a beat.

The tactics of the course are to demystify the proceedings, to make childbirth unworrisome by making it comprehensible. One after another, misconceptions and wives' tales are leveled. The first misconception is that one's condition is distinctive. The presence in the classroom of eight other mothers-to-be makes pregnancy provokingly unsingular. The common discomforts of pregnancy are disclosed, made light of, explained. Explicit films of childbirth are shown. The conversation is inevitably frank, anatomical. Discussions of blood, brawn, and breathing make giving birth seem more like an athletic than a blessed event.

At first, I missed the mystery. Throughout much of Western history, women have been made special by their procreative capacity. The Virgin Mary is the prototype of the woman honored wholly for the child she bore. The invention of romantic love in the Middle Ages raised women to pedestals in their swains' imaginations; troubadours "lived" and "died" by their ladies' glances. Long after women had descended from those rarefied heights into the workaday world of suffrage and equal rights, the details of a woman's health were treated with a delicacy reminiscent of the old gallantry. In my childhood, women still were afflicted with those ancient ailments, "feminine complaints," which could have meant anything from menstrual cramps to breast cancer. And birth was still a strange and wonderful ritual that women performed apart from men, sharing the results only afterward.

Today, women are no longer special. They are human beings. And pregnancy is perceived not so much as a miracle as a complication that disturbs the ideal state of parity between men and women. If ever there were a way to legislate wombs into men, the bill would no doubt receive noisy support.

The La Maze method replaces this mystery with camaraderie. The couple is a team with a collective goal. And yet, somewhat surprisingly, the loss of mystery does not result in a loss of wonder. The more one discovers about the body's wisdom and the fetal career, the more apparent it becomes that there *must* be some divinity that shapes our histories. The husband is no longer in awe of his wife; rather, husband and wife together look with awe at the process.

Like any fad, La Maze appeals to a variety of current preoccupations. "Natural" childbirth—that is, delivery without sedation—seems healthier. With a slight stretch of the imagination, the La Maze breathing exercises seem as athletic an activity as roller-skating. The emphasis on minimizing pain by concentration reminds one of such mind-modifying therapies as Smokenders or est. The explicitness of the instruction speaks to the same cool fascination with process and technique that makes best-sellers of how-to books from *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* to *The Joy of Sex*.

Finally, however, the popularity of La Maze is attributable to a deeper need. Recent census figures confirm that marriage is becoming a fragile and endangered institution. Last year, there were more than a million divorces in the United States. Whatever arguments one cares to advance about the preferability of being tranquilly single to being acrimoniously married, the statistics inevitably suggest a saddening increase in disconnectedness, alienation, loneliness. However much we pretend to be cavalier or calloused about the divorce rate, the fact is that most of us want marriages to work. Moreover, we are coming to understand that in this era of separate careers and boundless options, making marriages work requires work. Absent strong pressure from society or religion to stay tied, we must exert ourselves to twist the strands of two lives into a single rope.

The more self one invests in an enterprise, the more one wants that enterprise to succeed. By making birth a mutual activity, La Maze brings couples together instead of separating them.

The arguments for La Maze emphasize the benefits to mothers' and newborns' physical health. But the real beneficiary of those hours of classes and labor is the couple who share them.

—Carll Tucker

"So how was the California trip?"

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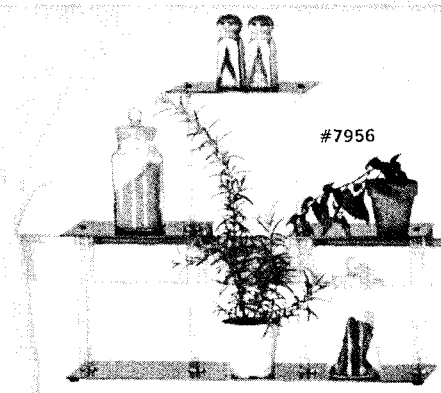

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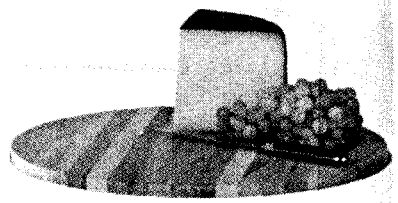

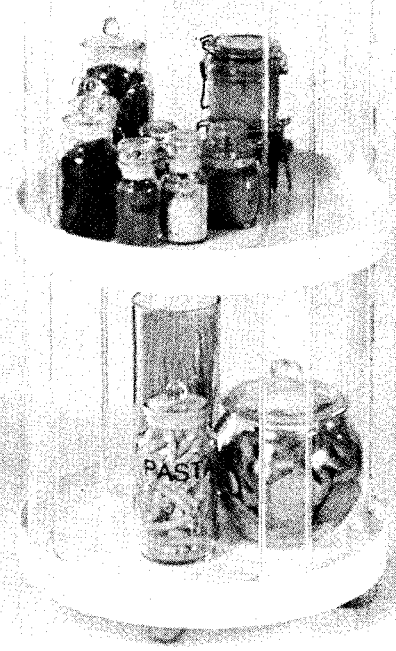

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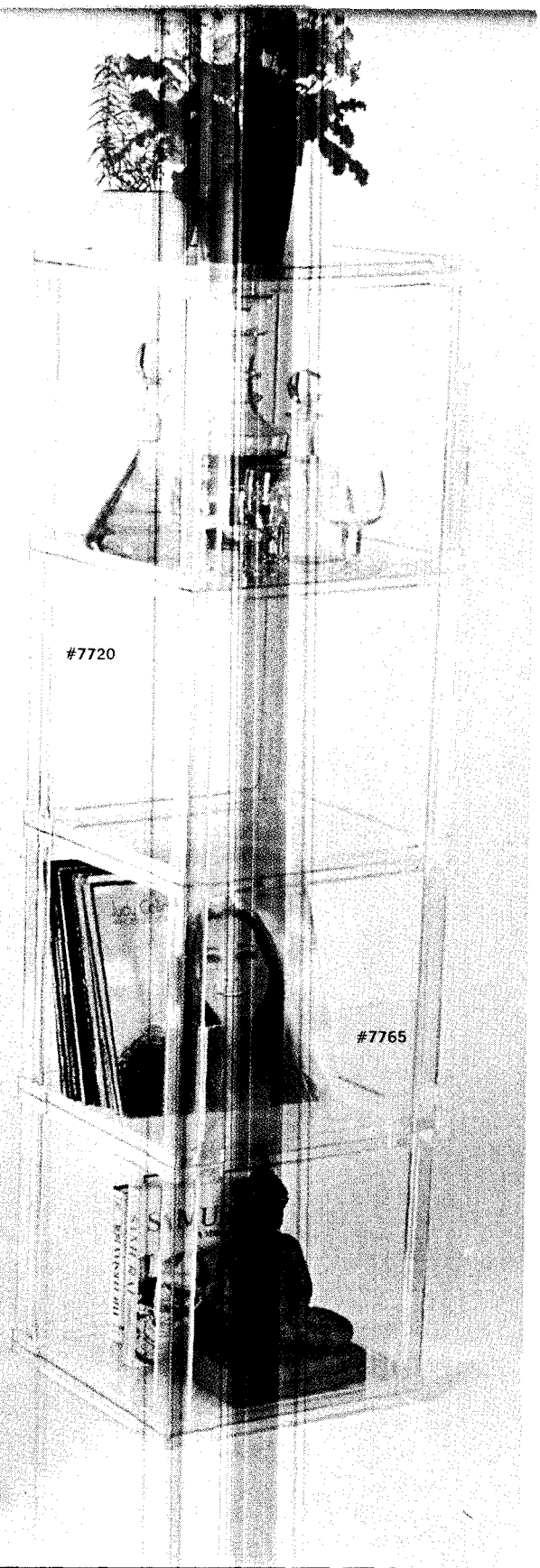

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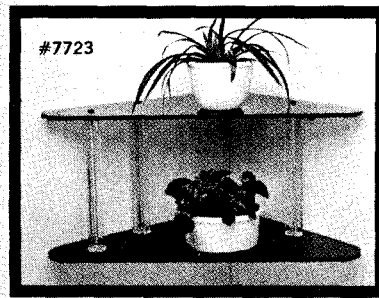

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The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists took a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology farther than we've ever pushed it before.

Delivering taste, limiting tar.

We found, for example, that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

That tiny "vents" in the filter-rim *smooth* the taste.

That lower-leaf tobaccos (shaded from the heat of the sun) tend to be milder and lower in tar than those at the top of the plant.

In short, everything we could find that might *intensify flavor* at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

Taste you won't get tired of.

What it all comes down to is this: Triumph is not one of those ultra low tars that spoil your pleasure by short-changing you on taste.

Triumph, at only 3 mg. tar, is a cigarette with a taste you can stay with. So good, we believe *you'll never want to go back to your old cigarette.*

TRIUMPH.®

One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.
The one with taste enough to stay with.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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